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To Maria Antoinette, Queen

of France, Versailles, 1793

from the author

1793

To Marie-Antoinette Lehoir
from her sincere friend
from childhood

B. Lacroix

DRAMAS,

&c.

LONDON:

PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

DRAMAS
TRANSLATIONS
AND
OCCASIONAL POEMS.

BY
BARBARINA LADY DACRE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

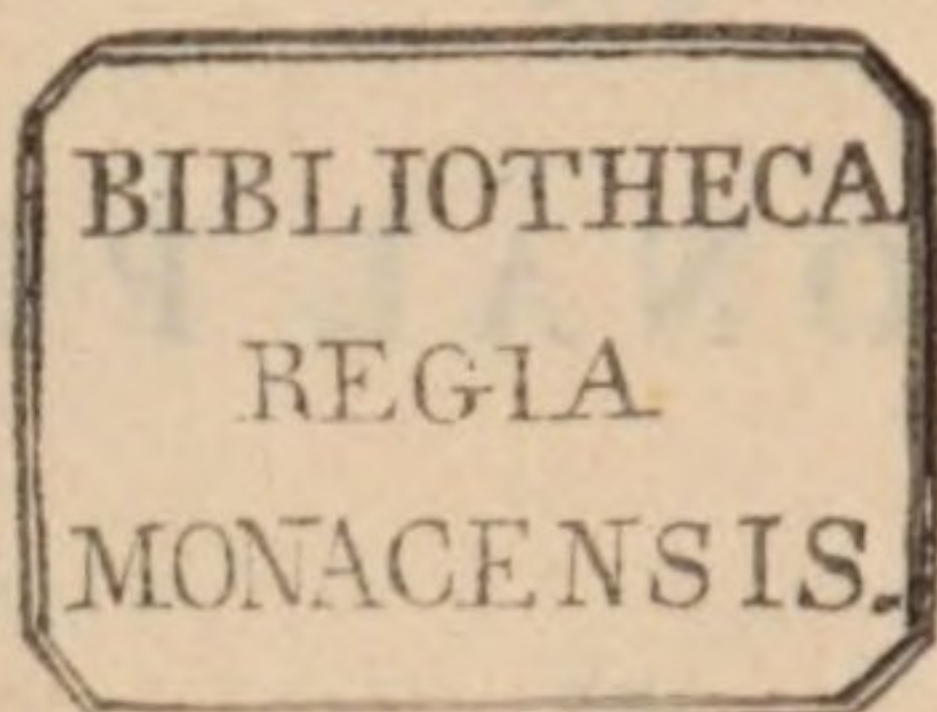
VOLUME I.

“ Per desio di Lode
Non canto io, no ; ben per chi m'ama e m'ode.”
VITTORIA COLONNA.

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY

MDCCCXXI.

NOT PUBLISHED.



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TO MY FRIENDS.

IN putting these attempts at dramatic composition into a legible form, I must remind my friends, that they were all composed before any of those by Mr. Maturin and Mr. Shiel, which have been so successful at our two great theatres in the hands of Miss O'Neill and Mr. Kean; I might otherwise be suspected of plagiarism, as I observed in them some points of resemblance to mine, especially in one written for Miss O'Neill.

I have left the title of Tragedy to "Ina," because it was first printed with it; but being deeply impressed with the mighty promise implied in that word, and feeling that whatever designation we see affixed to such productions of human intellect as Macbeth, and Othello,

ought to be sacred to such works alone, I have forborne giving that title to any other of my poems. Indeed, had I known, as I now do, the tremendous difficulty of dramatic composition, I should never have attempted it; but children are scarcely more ignorant of the art of government, when they play at kings and queens, than I was of all the requisites for writing tragedy when I began, nearly eleven years since, to dramatise a part of the little novel of "Gonzalve du Cordoue." As the difficulties of the undertaking gradually unfolded, so the fascination of the pursuit obtained a firmer hold on me; and I appeal to all who have blindly ventured like myself, whether that fascination is not irresistible.

I had at that period other inducements too, which, in the eyes of those friends who are acquainted with them, may form a still better excuse for my temerity.

I am at length convinced that tragedy is not the field for female powers. Its province is to portray those violent and terrible passions, which must be treated with a boldness beyond the courage, and a force above the strength of woman; and which, some of them at least,

demand a coarseness from which she naturally shrinks. Tenderness, whose every variety she might, perhaps, succeed in expressing, is a feeling in which the Tragic Muse must sparingly indulge. I would, therefore, as soon recommend the profession of arms to my countrywomen, because there has been one Maid of Saragossa, as tragedy to my sister scribblers, because there exists one Joanna Baillie.

After what I have said, I ought, perhaps, to throw my manuscripts into the fire ; but, I confess, the destruction of what has cost me so much pains, and afforded me so much amusement at a less happy period of my life, would give me pain : and although I am sensible these poems are not worthy to meet the public eye, I should be ungrateful, if, after the indulgence they have already experienced, I supposed them unfit for that of friendship.

For you then, my friends, I print a few copies of my plays, translations, and other trifling compositions, that if ever you should be disposed to look at them again, the second perusal may at least be less troublesome than the first.

The Hoo,
April 10, 1821.

GONZALVO OF CORDOVA,

A ROMANCE DRAMATIZED.

GOZZALTO OR CORDOVA

A ROMANCE OF THE

THIS first attempt at dramatic composition was made in the year 1810, without any previous study or reflection. The subject was taken by mere accident; yet on revising the piece after so many years, I am struck with the situation of the hero as one capable of great interest in more able hands. I am aware how little the Gonzalvo of the drama is the "great captain" of history, but I must plead in my excuse, that I took him from Mons. de Florian's novel.

I beg the indulgence of my friends for the weakness which induces me to retain a sort of dedication, in the form of a sonnet, to my late aunt, Mrs. Ogle. Many of those whom I address remember her piety, her goodness, her touching animation, and even youthful cheerfulness in extreme old age, under great infirmity, and after thirty years of total blindness: these will not wonder that the recollection of her having shed tears over this poem should give it a value in my eyes of which I feel unwilling to divest it.

The Hoo, April 25, 1821.

TO MY AUNT,

WITH A COPY OF GONZALVO OF CORDOVA.

ALTHOUGH Time's heavy hand thy form may bow,
And leaving Earth's low cares, be fix'd on high
Thy graver thought, youth's every energy
Forgets not in thy boundless heart to glow :
Those orbs that Heaven's gay light no longer know,
Nor meet with kindred beam affection's eye,
(Long, long denied each grateful ministry),
Still own the tear that flows for others' woe ;
Nor flows o'er sad reality alone :
Ev'n for the fabled ill the Muse portrays
The sacred drop upon thy cheek has shone.
Be thine the lay so graced, and so endeared !
Thou, as the sainted author of my days,
Alike from earliest years beloved, revered !

*Hampton Court Palace,
January 27th, 1812.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

SPANIARDS.

FERDINAND, *king of Aragon.*

GONZALVO of Cordova, *prince of Venusa.*

LARA, *his friend.*

PEDRO, *his servant.*

GARCIA, ALVAREZ, and other *Spanish nobles.*

ISABELLA, *queen of Castile, married to Ferdinand.*

Ladies of her train, &c.

MOORS.

MULEY HASSAN, *late king of Granada, having abdicated
his throne in favour of Abdoulah, his eldest son.*

ALMANZOR, *his youngest son, leader of the Moors.*

OMAR, SELIM, and other *Moors.*

ZELIMA, *daughter of Muley Hassan.*

Moorish damsels of her train.

Chorus of Moors, Messengers, &c.

The SCENE lies in and near Granada.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

STANDARDS.

FRANCIS, King of England.
LEONARD, Duke of York.
JANE, his daughter.
EDWARD, his son.
GEOFFREY, his brother.

Isabella, Queen of France, married to Ferdinand.
Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

ALAN, Duke of Brittany.
MURRAY, Duke of Albany.
The Duke of Gloucester.
The Duke of Lancaster.
ALAN, his son.
GEOFFREY, his son.

Isabella, daughter of King Edward.
Isabella, daughter of King Edward.

Isabella, daughter of King Edward.

The Duke of Lancaster.

GONZALVO OF CORDOVA.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

A Wood.

Moors employed in preparing tents or pavilions for the Princess. A distant view of Granada, and on the further hills the Spanish camp.—OMAR and SELIM employed in the front of the stage.

OMAR.

AFTER our long day's travel, here, my friends,
The princess wills we rest us for the night.
Spread her pavilion ; for beneath this shade
She will await her royal father's coming.

SELIM.

The good old king ! and shall he thus receive
His rescued daughter from the stranger's hand ?
'Mong woodland wilds !—not on Granada's throne ?

OMAR.

Peace! 'twas to stay the civil strife he placed
The diadem on King Abdoulah's brow.

SELIM.

True! for we thought a younger king, forsooth,
Should lead us forth to certain victory—
Mistaken men!—

OMAR.

But only in the chief
Should lead us forth, for victory *is* ours
Since Prince Almanzor leads Granada's forces,
And since the hero of Castile, Gonzalvo,
In Africa is stay'd by Seïd's arts.
Assist thou our companions. I will seek
The Princess Zelima: on yonder height
She waits th' approach of royal Muley Hassan.

SELIM (*significantly*).

And by her side, I ween, the gallant stranger.

OMAR.

Ev'n so.—But from his follower I learn
The noble youth now purposes departure,
Resigning to a father's care his charge.
'Tis pity, Selim, they should e'er be sever'd;
And sure the man who singly rescued her
Might claim her favour.

SELIM.

Nay, I will be sworn,
Brave though he be, of courtesy unmatch'd,
He is not nobly born: else why conceal
His name and lineage?

OMAR.

Peace, Selim, peace! the noble stranger comes—
Assist thou yonder—We but lose the hour.

[SELIM goes back to assist, and exit OMAR.]

Enter GONZALVO and PEDRO, in Moorish habits.

PEDRO.

Why thus disturb'd, my lord?—Beware, beware,
That you betray not 'tis Gonzalvo's brow
Conceal'd beneath that turban's folds!—Your arms,
The terror of the Moor, the Spaniard's boast,
Brought by a faithful hand at evening's close,
Will wake your soul to war and victory!
To-morrow! and Gonzalvo is himself!

GONZALVO.

Oh Pedro! Pedro! never wilt thou see
Gonzalvo bear himself as he was wont.

PEDRO.

Rouse you, my lord, to meet your sov'reign's favour:
The gracious Isabel your coming waits
With Ferdinand, her spouse. Attain'd the object

Of your high embassy, and thus escaped
From Seïd's snares, oh! judge with what full joy!
Brave Lara, too, your earliest, dearest friend,
You glory's partner——

GONZALVO (*with momentary joy*).

To-morrow I shall grasp
My Lara's glowing hand!—But oh! I shrink
From friendship's searching eye.

PEDRO.

What says my lord?

GONZALVO.

Pedro, this fatal habit has unmann'd me.

PEDRO.

This Moorish garb, my lord, has done you service:
Beneath it you escaped from Afric's coast,
Although beset by Seïd's base assassins,
And on this hostile shore, possess'd by Moors,
It lull'd suspicion:—throw it off with thanks.

GONZALVO.

Oh! that Gonzalvo ne'er had stoop'd to wear
This base disguise! then Zelima had known
Her country's foe, and honour had withheld
Her gentle hands that medicined my wounds;
And the sweet accents, far more powerful,
That bade me live—bade her preserver live!

PEDRO.

Behold! she leads her royal father on.—

Avoid her eye, she must not see you thus. [*Exeunt.*

ZELIMA appears among the trees, conducting MULEY HASSAN, ALMANZOR, and train. They advance with expressions of joy and affection.

MULEY HASSAN.

My child! my child! beyond all hope restored!

What joy to clasp thee thus! and can it be

Gladness once more should visit my sad age?

Oh! what is loss of empire to me now?

Thou art my all!

[*He embraces ZELIMA, and appears overcome.*

ZELIMA.

My father! my dear father!

[*Turning to ALMANZOR.*

My brother too! my ever loved Almanzor!

[*They embrace.*

And do I hold thee to my heart again?

Avenger of Granada's injured realm!

How sweet to hear thy name through all the land,

Lisp'd even by babes, as guardian of their home!

ALMANZOR.

And this blest day will doubly nerve my arm,

Which the sad loss of thee had half unstrung.

ZELIMA (*returning to her father*).

My father, you look pale and worn with sorrow!
Was it the loss of your poor Zelima?
Oh yes, it was!—But I am yours again,
Thanks to the generous stranger, of whose deeds
My messengers gave something to your ear.
But—no—it was not for their tongues to tell,
How, rushing on the Ethiopian ruffians,
Who bore me shrieking to the sea-beat shore,
As though his hand had grasp'd the thunderer's bolt,
He dealt destruction! How, with desperate strength,
Though bleeding, cover'd o'er with wounds himself,
He bore me—nobly bore me—till he sunk,
O'erspent with toil, and weltering in his gore.

MULEY HASSAN.

May Heaven reward his valour!—Where is he?

ZELIMA.

Haste, Selim, and entreat the stranger's presence.

[*Exit* SELIM.]

ALMANZOR.

Say, since he rescued thee, my Zelima,
How hast thou fared?

ZELIMA.

Trust me, most royally.

Soon as the thronging multitudes had learnt
My high condition, and my piteous tale,

I was provided by their humble duty
With all things both for service and delight.
The stranger's wounds, so grievous, ask'd the 'tendance
Of gentlest skill; and happy! oh, thrice happy!
These hands unwearied minister'd relief,
Until restored to health, my brave preserver
Might safe conduct me to my father's arms!
And let thy fancy picture, my Almanzor,
A simple people's love, devising ever
Honours uncouth, but prompted by the heart,
To grace the generous stranger as he pass'd.
My travel through the realm has been as 'twere
A fair delightful vision, and the waking,
Oh! 'tis more joyous still!

*Enter GONZALVO—ZELIMA meets him eagerly and
joyfully.*

ZELIMA.

Say why, my friend,
Breaking so sudden from my side, you shun
To witness happiness yourself dispense?

MULEY HASSAN (*to ALMANZOR*).

This joy tumultuous pains my aged breast.

[ZELIMA *presents* GONZALVO *to her father*.]

Words are but poor to speak a father's thanks,
And as a father only can I thank thee.

Were I a monarch still, brave youth, I might
In some sort prove my heart's deep gratitude,
But beggar'd as I am, my prayers and blessings
Are all I can return.

GONZALVO (*embarrassed*).

Spare me, good king;
Bred in the tented field, I am unused
To gentle words like these.

MULEY HASSAN.

Give me thy hand!
Let these tears speak.

GONZALVO.

Oh! never—never yet
Has such a tear as thine been shed for me;
The widow's and the orphan's tears are those
My deeds have caused to flow.

ZELIMA (*tenderly*).

Nay, say not so!

ALMANZOR.

Your arm, brave youth, has won us to your love:
I thank you, as a soldier thanks a soldier,
And hope, when, fellows in the field, we strive
With the insulting foe who threatens Granada,
By open deeds my pleasing debt to quit.
Forgive me, sir, that yet I know not how
To name the stranger, whom henceforth I hold
Brother in arms, t'avenge Granada's wrongs.

GONZALVO.

Prince, I am one mark'd in so strange a sort
By Fortune's hand—(happy alone in that
My favour'd sword has done your sister service),
That my distemper'd mind, at war within,
Sees evil in each good men value most.
My name in Fame's proud record is enroll'd,
Yet would I fain erase it from her page;
Forgive me, then, if I pronounce it not.

ZELIMA (*who has been talking apart with her father*).

Oh! my loved father, you are too much moved.
Come and repose beneath yon canopy,
There will I paint to you my dangers past;
It will be grateful to retrace them now—
Your happy daughter will support your steps.

[*She leads her father to the Pavilion, looking back at GONZALVO, who watches her as if lost in admiration.*]

ALMANZOR (*observing them*).

Ha! that soft interchange of mutual looks!

[*He follows slowly, looking with keen suspicious glances at GONZALVO.*]

GONZALVO (*alone*).

How my soul sickens to dissemble thus!
To bear myself as midnight murderers use,
To hang the head, and stammer some quaint phrase,

Obscure and vague, not gender'd in the heart :
Detested fraud ! Oh ! one must love as I do,
And be, like me, just object of the hate
Of her he loves, expect her utter scorn
If he throw off this serpent's slough, and yet
Disdain to wear it from his very soul
As I do, but to guess at what I feel.

Enter OMAR, from the Pavilion.

OMAR.

Brave youth, the king requests some conference.

GONZALVO.

I obey.

*[Follows to the Pavilion, from whence ALMANZOR
and ZELIMA advance.]*

ALMANZOR (*aside*).

Ha ! why are we dismiss'd ? and why alone
Would our good father entertain the stranger ?
I like it not.

ZELIMA.

How sweet the evening airs !
Almanzor, while they fan thy war-worn brow,
I will recount the noble stranger's deeds.

ALMANZOR (*sarcastically*).

My Zelima, methinks the pleasing theme
Wearies thee not.

ZELIMA.

And can the pleasing theme
Of benefits received be wearisome?
Brother, your heart was wont to beat in unison
With mine.

ALMANZOR (*kindly*).

And ever will!—but now, my sister,
I must away; for in such haste I flew,
When first the happy tidings reach'd my ear
That thou wert safe, I, heedless, gave no thought
To matters of high import.—Ere we part,
Declare, who is this youth to whom you owe
Your honour and your life, and in whose praise
You are so eloquent?—There is a something
My spirit brooks not in this stranger's bearing:
Noble his air, right haughty too, and yet
Faltering his speech.

ZELIMA.

He may be languid still,
Newly restored from wounds received for me.

ALMANZOR.

But why that air of woe?

ZELIMA.

Alas! I know not;
Some sorrow sure had labour'd in his breast
Ere I beheld him; yet I mark'd it not
Till hitherward we journey'd day by day,

And as each evening closed, methought his grief
Had ta'en a deeper hold. It was not so,
With looks averted, he was wont to speak,
His brow was open as th' expanse of heaven,
Candour and truth sat ever on his lips.

ALMANZOR.

Hold, Zelima! this truth, this candour—where
Were they when you sought to know his name?

ZELIMA (*embarrassed*).

He still besought me—spare him sad remembrance
Of what he would forget—I knew his *deeds*!
The *name* of one who had so nobly wrought
Could nothing add to my strong gratitude.

ALMANZOR (*after musing*).

Sister, I think he to your hand aspires.
Nay, blush not thus. Yes, this dissembler does.
For that he rescued thee, I freely thank him;
Yet who had worn a sword and had not done it?
His birth, his name unknown—I will not think
Thou couldst so much forget what thou wert born
As brook the suit of such a wanderer.

ZELIMA.

Nay, wrong him not, Almanzor, by these thoughts.
He has not breathed a vow I might not hear,
Nor will he, till his deeds proclaim his birth,
And blazon forth that name he has conceal'd.

ALMANZOR.

I will believe thee—Pardon thou, my sister,
A brother's jealous fears. Granada's fate
Sits heavy at my heart. Abdoulah, lost
In the soft slothful luxuries of empire,
Disgraces much our father's yielded sceptre—
I must away—inquire not wherefore.

ZELIMA.

Nay,

Thou shalt not break discourteous thus away
From our loved father's presence.—Yonder see
A faithful peasant train to hail our joys!
Come, lead them on; their rustic courtesy
Will smooth thy careful brow—Refuse me not.

*[She leads him out gaily.]**Re-enter MULEY HASSAN with GONZALVO.*

MULEY HASSAN.

Youth, I have read thy heart, and joy to find
My daughter's image there. Nay, start not thus.
Yes, friend, the varying brow, the deep-drawn sigh,
The quick emotions flushing on thy cheek,
Are nature's language, and not strange to me.
I, too, have known how 'tis that young hearts feel,
Nor have forgot how dear I held her mother.

Haste, then, brave youth, and win my daughter's hand
On yonder plain—Relieve besieged Granada,
And Zelima is thine.

GONZALVO (*aside*).

My tortured soul!

Good reverend king! you know not what you say.
While thus you speak heaven opens to my view,
Then sudden closes with a tenfold gloom.
That I do love and honour your fair daughter
I will confess; but spare me, spare me, king,
The agony to think I may not hope.

MULEY HASSAN.

Thou art too modest, youth; thy worth and valour
Are not so lost on Zelima.

ZELIMA and ALMANZOR enter with a train of peasants,
bearing fruits, &c.

ZELIMA.

My father,
Behold the offerings of simple duty
Court your acceptance.

[*The peasants present their offerings.*

Oh! you know not half
The joy that fills this bosom!

[*Observing GONZALVO's emotion, while her father is*

employed in expressions of gracious acceptance towards the peasants.

Why, my friend,
Art thou disturb'd?—If I might see *thee* smile,
Nothing on earth were blest as Zelima.

GONZALVO.

Yes, at thy bidding I would veil with smiles
Thoughts fraught with nameless bitterness—but no,
It will not be—Give all thy gentle soul
To innocent joy, and heed me not.

ALMANZOR (*observing them, aside*).

Again
Those earnest looks! again those tender tones!

MULEY HASSAN (*to the peasants*).

Thanks! thanks, my friends!

(*To ZELIMA and ALMANZOR*).

My children! Oh, how sweet
Affection's tribute, howe'er rude and humble!
Trust me, no feast in gorgeous vessels served,
With all the pomp of the Alhambra palace,
While yet I fill'd the throne, was half so grateful
As this repast of simple fruits, thus shared
In full confiding love.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Good Muley Hassan,

And Prince Almanzor, thou our matchless chief!
'Tis meet ye know that through Granada's host
Strange consternation spreads, for that 'tis rumour'd,
Escaped from Afric, to the Spanish camp
Gonzalvo, styled of Cordova, returns.

[*All start with terror: ZELIMA presses closer to her
father, as if for protection. GONZALVO, apart,
betrays contending passions.*

ALMANZOR.

Shall consternation seize our host for this?
Shame on the dastard slaves! Have they forgot
Almanzor leads them? Have I led them on
Often to victory, never to defeat,
And *shall* they—*dare* they doubt me? Go,
Tell them their leader pledges here his faith
To rid them of their terror—Yes, to-morrow
Shall their Almanzor fall in single combat,
Or *he* shall bite the dust, my glory's rival,
Proud Spain's Gonzalvo!

GONZALVO (*starting from his reverie, and laying his hand
on his sword*).

Does the Moor Almanzor
Thus rush on certain fate?

ALMANZOR (*with contempt*).

“On certain fate!”

Haply to *thee* 'twere so.

GONZALVO (*trembling with indignation, his hand on his sword*).

Insulting Moor!

ZELIMA (*seizing his arm, and looking earnestly in his face*).

Why, why that terrible brow? that sword why grasp'd?

[*He looks tenderly at her, and drops his hand.*

Was it to save the wretched Zelima

Once more in her Almanzor?—Yes, 'twas so!

[*To her father, with exultation.*

Oh, trust these eyes, my father, that beheld

The prodigies of valour which redeem'd

Your Zelima, if this brave youth go forth

Unmatch'd no longer vaunts the dread Gonzalvo.

ALMANZOR (*with irony and disdain*).

Haply *this* arm is palsied! so, it seems,

A sister would infer. As for yon stranger,

Yon fortunate unknown, whose maiden sword

Has done some service to Granada's princess,

I marvel not his new-blown valour suddenly

Aspires to deeds in arms, of other sort

Than to chastise the Ethiop ravisher.

MULEY HASSAN.

My son, repress thy ardour, and attend

A father's counsel.

ALMANZOR.

Lend me rather, sir,
A patient hearing, and I will unfold
Reasons of state.—Apart from these were best.

[Exeunt ALMANZOR and MULEY HASSAN.]

GONZALVO (*aside*).

For what am I reserved?

*[Seeing ZELIMA still looking fearfully and wistfully
in his face.]*

Fear nothing, princess!

For this poor arm were nerveless as a child's
To wreak my wrongs on one who is thy brother.

[After a pause, with assumed firmness.]

My dream of bliss is o'er—I must away,
Imperious duty calls; but ere I go
For ever from thy sight—Oh yes, for ever—
(For so thyself thou wilt pronounce my doom)
Allow me in yon grove to say farewell,
A last farewell to thee and happiness!

*[Breaks from her in an agony, and leaves her
thunderstruck.]*

ZELIMA (*alone*).

For ever, said he?—What! for ever part?
A chilling horror creeps o'er all my frame.
How happy! Oh how happy have I been!
Alas! what made me so I cannot tell,

Nor why I feel so wretched on the sudden.
Was it that freed from cumbrous dignity
I roam'd at large, restored to simple nature?
Saw the sun rise, and heard the early birds,
Breathed the pure morning airs o'er hill and dale,
And quite forgot I was a wretched princess?
Or was it (I tremble but to think 'twas so),
That with the dawn I saw the stranger youth,
Enjoy'd with him the early choristers,
With him the morning gale!—Alas, for me!
How could I hope it should be ever thus?
Well might I sure have thought that one so brave
Would to the field of fame, nor think of me.
Did he not ask to speak a last farewell?
Yes—I will seek him ere the evening close,
And say—if so I can—farewell for ever!

ACT II.—SCENE I.

*Royal Tent in the Spanish Camp.**Enter FERDINAND, ISABELLA, and Suite.*

FERDINAND.

True, Isabel; when I received advices
That thy Gonzalvo had escaped the snares
Of treacherous Seïd, I gave forth to all,
That he, ere many suns should set, would join
The glorious strife as he was wont. Methinks
Thy hero slackens in our cause, or else
Why this delay?

ISABELLA.

We know not yet how many
Disastrous chances may beset his way.
Thou dost not love the flower of my heroes,
For that he still has borne the palm away
From those of Aragon. Yet, Ferdinand,
Since he who conquer'd Cordova no longer
Flames in the van of battle, the proud Moor
Has borne himself right vauntingly; nay, oft
With such true mettle, that our knights of name

Are dash'd and crest-fall'n. Of sicklier hue
The soldier's ardor.

FERDINAND.

Isabel, thou wrong'st me.
Would he were here, so he might woo again
The truant Victory to smile on us!

Enter LARA.

Welcome, brave Lara! Ha! methinks thy mien
Bespeaks some joyful tidings.

LARA.

Yes, my liege,
And gracious queen! These letters, from good Pedro,
Announce Gonzalvo's coming. A faithful Moor
(I know not how won to his service), bore them,
And now conveys his arms, and gallant steed,
To meet th' impatient chief.

ISABELLA.

Oh! doubly welcome,
For all the dangers past! How 'scaped he, Lara?

LARA.

He and his faithful Pedro, clad as Moors,
In a frail fisher's boat put forth by night,
And purposed, when at open sea, to join
The ships that bore his train; but, tempest-tost,
The crazy, unresisting bark was drifted

Towards the Moorish coast of Spain, where courteously
They were as Africans received, and shared
The liberal rights of hospitality.

FERDINAND.

The moon has fill'd her horns and waned again
Since he escaped, as our advices stated.

LARA.

A grievous sickness seized him, good my liege :
And Pedro further adds, his lord not yet
Has gain'd his wonted cheer.

FERDINAND.

The Moors are soft,
And they have dark-eyed maids, with wily speech.
Methinks thy friend has loiter'd on his way,
Till, haply, *Moorish hospitality*
Has won his soul from glory's love ; and yet
The infatuated soldier, if he lead,
Will rush, as 't were, enamour'd ev'n of death,
When met beneath his eye.

LARA.

My liege, what praise
So great as that which from thy lips has fall'n,
Though in contempt ? The leader who is loved,
Beneath whose eye 'tis glory but to fight,
And deathless fame to fall, whate'er th' event,
Leads on to what a soldier covets—honour !

Nay Fortune, fickle Fortune, will forego
Her very nature; and, as 'twere, spell-bound,
Wait on his charmed sword.

FERDINAND.

Thou pleadest well,
And art an honest, and an eager friend.
Nay, 'twas but our impatience, Isabel,

(*To ISABELLA.*)

That chid Gonzalvo's stay. When may we hope
To speak a joyous welcome?

LARA.

Ere the close
Of evening I dare swear he will appear,
And by his wonted bearing, put to flight
The half form'd doubts that cloud the royal brow.

Enter MESSENGER.

MESSENGER.

My liege, our outposts near the city walls
Have mark'd advancing heralds, with the wand
That speaks their office.

FERDINAND.

Ha! What may it be?
We will receive them as befits our state.
Come in, my queen: let all things be prepared.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Wood.

GONZALVO *leaning against a tree, lost in thought.*

ZELIMA *enters timidly; he starts, and meets her with rapture.*

ZELIMA.

I come, my friend, since thou wilt have it so,
To speak a long, thou say'st a last, farewell;
Yet I had hoped—believed—my father's claims——
For Muley Hassan loves thee——

GONZALVO.

Oh! my princess!

Might I obtain my wildest dream of bliss,
It were no other than to share with thee
Each filial care; but I should violate
The sacred ties of nature and of honour—
Nature's, that binds us to our country; honour's,
That binds us to the cause we have espoused.

ZELIMA.

Mysterious stranger! say, what tie of nature,
Or of capricious honour, can forbid
That you should cheer, when battle gives short respite,
The tedious hours of age? and must I never
Behold thee more? nor know whose valour saved me?

GONZALVO.

Alas ! methinks I oft have said enough
To lead thy shuddering fancy to portray
The hated thing I am.

ZELIMA.

No, never, youth !
If e'er I sought to know your name, your race,
Your colour alter'd, and some strange distress
Hung on your brow, and changed your wonted cheer :
Deeply your debtor, silent I respected
Your secret sorrow ; but my father now
Approves my gratitude, and bids me think
Of you as one—of whom then must I think,
As now my father wills ?

GONZALVO.

Yes, thou shalt know
The wretch I am ! but say, sweet excellence !
Say, would'st thou spurn him thou hast call'd thy friend,
If, strange to fame, a lowly peasant born,
He were the basest thing that bears a name ?

ZELIMA.

I smile, brave stranger, while you talk thus idly.
Can *he* be base whose actions are so noble,
Rear'd though he were beneath the humblest roof ?

GONZALVO.

But if I were perfidious, false ; had practised

On the unguarded goodness of an angel;
By vilest fraud had won her confidence,
Her fair esteem—though mine the world's wide empire,
Wouldst thou not scorn me?

ZELIMA.

No, not such thy deeds!
For if thou glance at hapless Zelima,
Thou never, never hast in aught deceived her.
Was it deceit, from a most cruel death,
Or worse than death, to save her at the price
Of thy own generous blood? To honour her
(A poor, deserted, helpless wanderer),
And guide her to her father and her home?
These deeds are honest: for these deeds I thank thee,
Nor ever will they fade from my remembrance.

GONZALVO.

How shall I e'er deserve this angel goodness?
Yet do I tremble, and my faltering tongue
Refuses still to name the wretch accursed,
Call'd by the Fates to lift his murderous sword
Against thy brother.

ZELIMA (*with horror*).

Gods! the dread Gonzalvo!

Granada's ruthless foe!

[*After a pause recovering, yet fearfully.*

Oh, no; you mock

My woman's weak credulity. Why—why
Should I thus tremble? Friend, this is not kind!
'Tis now you practise on th' unguarded heart.
Away, vain terror! no, it is not so!
Is this the look the fierce Gonzalvo wears?
His looks must speak his cruel soul! his deeds
Are all of blood! He is not wont, like thee,
To rescue innocence; to watch, nay, weep

[Observing his emotion.]

O'er the unfortunate! Sure some jealous fear,
Or thought injurious to my faith, has led thee
To prove me thus. Away then all disguise!
Know, though thou shouldst blame my frankness, Zelima
Wrongs not, as false ones do, whom once she loves:
And that I love thee, love thee in that sort
That links my fate with thine, whoever thou be—

GONZALVO.

Gods! give me power to bear this flood of joy!
Speak the blest words again, and bid me hope,
E'en if I were the wretch thou oft hast named,
Hated Gonzalvo—

ZELIMA.

Name him, name him not!
But oh, I fear me, e'en if thou wert he,
I could not hate thee: no, I fear I could not.

GONZALVO.

Swear it, my love! for I indeed am he!

It is Gonzalvo clasps thee to his bosom.

[She sinks into his arms.]

My Zelima! my love! The hated sound

Has check'd the current of her life. Oh look!

In pity look on me! She breathes! she lives!

Enter ALMANZOR behind.

ALMANZOR (*aside*).

Or do I dream, or does Granada's princess

Hang on the bosom of a wandering stranger?

ZELIMA.

From what fair dreams of bliss do I awake!

What horrors compass me on every side!

Oh thou, whom I so long have wish'd to name

Other than "stranger!" thou, to whom my heart

In secret gave each title that endears!

How blest that ignorance I once deplored!

ALMANZOR.

(Coming hastily forward, and separating them roughly).

A brother's arm protects the princess now.

We thank you, sir, nor need your farther service.

[ZELIMA appears terrified.]

GONZALVO.

Fear nothing, princess; I am arm'd with patience,

Nor heed the haughty Moor.

ALMANZOR.

“Thou heed'st me not!”

Thou arrogant, nameless thing, that dost presume
To parly with the princess of Granada! [*Drawing.*

ZELIMA (*rushing between them*).

Almanzor, ere thy sword shall reach the breast
Of my preserver, it shall drench itself
With thy poor sister's blood.

ALMANZOR.

Degenerate maid!

Loose me, I say, and give my vengeance way.

[*Breaks from her and attacks GONZALVO, who, after
a short conflict, seizes his arm, and holds it firmly
with superior strength.*

GONZALVO.

Disdainful Moor! but thou'rt a sacred thing:

Gonzalvo's sword shall never take thy life!

[*Releasing him with dignity.*

ALMANZOR.

(*After they have contemplated each other in silent
astonishment*).

Is it the hated rival of my glory—
Gonzalvo! who by stealth, in base disguise,
Attempts the sister of his deadly foe?

GONZALVO.

It is Gonzalvo who restores that sister;

Who honours her with such high reverence,
As good men pay to excellence divine.
It is Gonzalvo, who, for her dear sake,
Forgives the slanders of thy haughty tongue.

ALMANZOR.

Thou, the destroyer of my bleeding country !
Thou, who too long hast choked my way to glory !
Thou, the fell wolf, who in the shepherd's seeming,
Hast stolen into the fold, and by this baseness
Cancell'd the vaunted rescue of my sister,
Think not I will forego my great revenge !
Think not, for that, unmann'd by female cries,
Thou took'st me at some disadvantage now,
Thou shalt escape the fury of my arm.

GONZALVO.

Resentful as thou art, thou shalt not move me.
Prince, I adjure thee by the tender love
Thou needst must bear thy sister, I adjure thee
By the white hairs of thy age-stricken father,
And by thy people's weal, recall thy challenge.

ALMANZOR.

Never, Castilian ! To the Spanish camp
E'en now my herald bears the strong defiance :
Defiance to the death !

ZELIMA (*clasping his knees*).

Almanzor, hear me !

Dear brother of my love! I will not loose thee
Till thou unknit thy gather'd brow. Oh, hear me!
By all the joys of our first childish days;
By all that memory hoards of tender—sacred—
Oh, hear me!—hear me——

ALMANZOR.

For a Spaniard plead,
Whose guile has won thy softness from the path
Of duty and of honour? Nay, forbear.

[Breaks from her, and aside.]

Each string that readiest in man's bosom vibrates,
Jarr'd thus to agony! In glory's field
Shoved from my place, and jostled by this boaster!
Deliberately thus insulted now,
Nay, almost pitied by the proud Castilian!

*[She attempts again to soothe him, and he puts her
away.]*

Away! begone! Here break we off. Look, sir;
You meet me in the deadly strife to-morrow. *[Exit.]*

ZELIMA.

Oh stay, my brother, stay, nor part in anger.
He's gone, he's gone!—nor ever from his lips
Did aught of harshness reach my ear till now.
Wretch that I am!

GONZALVO.

Hear me, my Zelima!

Bright hopes and dear forebodings fill my soul.
Ere the slow herald reach my sov'reign's tents,
I'll by a shorter course, with all love's speed,
And ere his fatal purpose he declare,
To gracious Isabel will speak of peace :
My queen has often listen'd to my counsel.

ZELIMA (*with a melancholy smile*).

Thou wilt but woo the fowler to forego
The quarry, while thou placest on his wrist
Th' unerring falcon.

GONZALVO (*cheerfully*).

Nay, but if the bird
Refuse to mount ?

ZELIMA.

Alas ! alas ! what reasons
Can sway the Spaniard from his cruel purpose ?

GONZALVO.

Wrested by love, each circumstance shall prove
An argument to win the soul from war.
The losses late sustain'd by the besiegers,
The hydra valour of the patriot
Who fights for home, and all that makes home dear.

ZELIMA.

Fly, fly, Gonzalvo ! kneel, implore, and paint
In angel characters the charms of peace.
Who shall resist thee if thou plead with all

The soul-commanding eloquence thou own'st?

[PEDRO *appears among the trees with GONZALVO'S
armour.*

GONZALVO.

Pedro, approach.

PEDRO.

My lord, behold the arms

Your father gave you when he sent you forth

The flower of Castilian knights. Away!

Castile and Aragon demand their champion.

GONZALVO.

Farewell, my love! I pray thee droop not thus:

Ere thou retire within thy father's palace,

I will with tidings of success return.

PEDRO.

My lord, if you delay——

GONZALVO.

If I delay!

My soul is on the rack with strong impatience.

My shield! my corslet!

[*He throws off his turban and takes his armour;*

ZELIMA shrinks back terrified.

Dost thou shudder, love,

At this my hostile seeming? Many times

In form horrific, choicest good appears.

The deep-toned thunder, and the threat'ning cloud,

Bring on the kindly shower,—and these dread arms
Are harbingers of peace.

ZELIMA.

May they prove so !
The God of mercy speed thee ! Farewell, prince !
Farewell ! and oh, remember that thou bearest
Within thy breast my life with thine entwined !

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

The Spanish Camp. Royal Tents.

FERDINAND *and* ISABELLA *in full Council.* GARCIA,
ALVAREZ, *Spanish Nobles, &c.*

FERDINAND.

Princes and nobles, join'd in holy league
Against the infidels, we have convened you,
For that we have accepted the defiance
Of proud Almanzor, in Gonzalvo's name,
Who, as ye know, from Africa returns.
Each moment we expect to welcome him.

ISABELLA.

And hark, my friends, the joyous sounds that ring,
In gratulation wild, through all the air!
He comes! 'tis he! the champion of Castile!

Flourish of trumpets. GONZALVO, *attended by* LARA,
with great demonstrations of joy. He advances, and
kneels at ISABELLA'S *feet.*

GONZALVO.

Receive, my queen, the long expected treaty,

Hardly obtain'd from Seïd, who disbands
The forces destined to Granada's aid.

ISABELLA.

Welcome, Gonzalvo, welcome to our presence !
Prince, we know all thou hast endured for us
And our great cause. The thanks of Ferdinand
And Isabel keep pace with thy deserts.

FERDINAND.

Prince, we have miss'd you in th' embattled field.
Capricious victory but plays the wanton,
Half granting, half withdrawing, the fair guerdon
Of our hard service, since her favour'd chief
No longer seeks her grace.

(*Aside to LARA*). Haste, valiant Lara,
Spread wide the joyful tidings through the camp,
And rouse each spirit to the work of death,
That must to-morrow make Granada ours.

[*Exit LARA.*

ISABELLA.

The god who leads the armies of Castile
Brings thee, brave prince, in an auspicious hour ;
Yes, brings thee, by a single feat in arms,
To stamp eternal glory on thy name :
The Moorish Chief, Almanzor, gives his life
To thy unerring blade. Granada falls
When proud Almanzor dies !

GONZALVO.

How may that be?

The armed Moors defend their native land,
Their heritage, their homes, their wives, their children.
In such a cause a people rests not, Queen,
Its every hope upon a single arm :
Almanzor fallen, each Moor that has a heart
Will an Almanzor rise to meet his foe.

ISABELLA.

It was not so they met thy sword, my friend.
Mark me!—Almanzor slain, ere shrouding night
Close on their consternation, we invest
Granada on all sides. Abdoulah, sunk
In luxury's soft lap, nor danger's voice,
Nor glory's will awake. Without a chief,
The infidels dispersed, an easy prey,
Fall to our swords. The impious city rased,
Fair peace shall smile o'er all this happy land!

GONZALVO (*with enthusiasm*).

Oh why, my queen! oh why may not fair peace
Smile on this land ere it be drench'd in blood?
Does peace delight in mangled carcasses,
In dying groans, and agonizing shrieks?
You will give peace to those who now would kiss
The royal hand that dealt the precious boon,
But who will then lie stretch'd upon the plain,

Their spirits fled, where not that hand can reach
To deal its bounteous gifts!

FERDINAND (*sarcastically*).

Venusa's prince
Returns from Afric other than he went.

GONZALVO.

Oh, yes, my sovereigns: Since I parted hence,
I have beheld misfortune face to face,
Have mark'd the ills of desolating war
In all the sad details kings never see.
The sun that rises on the peasant's toil
In happy lands not visited by war,
And gilds their waving harvests with his beams,
With barren splendour glares on desert fields
Depopulated by the sword. The gale
Sweeps sullen o'er them, loaded with the cries
Of frantic widows and of orphan babes,
That else had borne upon its gladsome wing
The careless carol of the husbandman,
Tilling in peace and liberty his field.

FERDINAND.

Is it Gonzalvo? He of Cordova?
He on whose sword attended victory,
Binding each day his brow with fresher laurels?
He who was wont to lead Spain's gallant knights
Gaily to battle as 'twere to a feast?

GONZALVO.

True, king, I led them on as to a feast—
A feast of blood! Such laurels may beseem
O'erbuoyant youth, maddening in glory's field!
Reckless that every leaf of such a wreath
Is, for the pearly dew-drop heaven had hung,
Gemm'd with a drop of blood!

[A general expression of discontent in the assembly.]

GARCIA.

A shepherd swain,
But not a soldier and a Spaniard, speaks.

FERDINAND.

Gonzalvo, sure, has sigh'd away his hours
In Seïd's haram, where some soft sultana
Has held this silken language.

GARCIA.

Can it be
The fame obtain'd of late by brave Almanzor——

GONZALVO (*laying his hand on his sword*).

If any here believe my arm unbraced,
Him do I challenge—let him feel its force.

ISABELLA (*haughtily*).

Prince of Venusa! you forget yourself.
This language in our presence?

GONZALVO.

Pardon, queen!

ISABELLA (*graciously*).

'Tis past. We know your valour, and the more
Stand in astonishment at this your speech.

GONZALVO.

And can thy gracious nature, Isabel,
Marvel that one who has so late received
From Moors each right of hospitality,
Should lay aside the rancorous despite
Of an ungenerous foe? Granada's realm
For centuries has been the native land
Of its possessors. They who were usurpers
Have long been dust—Oh! then let vengeance sleep.
When Moorish fathers, husbands, brothers, sons,
Fall by our swords, as many bosoms ache
As among us when *they* fall whom *we* love.
Have we not wasted the best blood of Spain
Before these walls, firm rooted in the fealty
Each thing that lives bears to its native place?
Then spare alike the Spaniards and the Moors;
'Tis now th' auspicious moment when blest peace——

FERDINAND (*interrupting him*).

Forbear, Gonzalvo! lest thy recreant tongue
Infect the warlike spirit of these chiefs.
After a contest of so long a date,
When Europe's eye and Africa's are fix'd
Upon the issue of this glorious strife,

When to our swords Granada gives herself,
Shall we, brave knights, with sickly thoughts like these,
And dainty hands that cannot dip in blood,
Disdain to grasp her?—But if so it be
Gonzalvo choose the rural joys he paints,
Castile and Aragon have many heroes
Ready to answer the proud Moor's defiance.

[Several grasp their swords.]

GONZALVO.

On your lives, sirs! 'tis mine exclusively!
He that would meet Almanzor in the lists
Must bear Gonzalvo's life upon his sword.

FERDINAND.

My noble friends! we much amiss interpret
The brave Gonzalvo's words. See with what ardour
He claims the glorious combat! none but he
Shall win the deathless laurel victory wreathes
To bind his honour'd brow. Behold, brave prince,
The sword that graced the famed Rodrigo's side,
The valiant Cid! th' avenger of his father!
Who won Valencia's realm, and fair Ximena!

*[FERDINAND gives him the sword, which he accepts
with apparent confusion.]*

ISABELLA.

Prince! you have need of rest: few hours remain
Ere, summon'd by the warlike trumpet's voice,

You teach the vaunting Moor what 'tis to dare
To single fight th' invincible Gonzalvo!

[Exeunt with ceremony, as the Scene closes.]

SCENE II.

Before Lara's Tent.

Enter LARA and PEDRO.

LARA.

My faithful Pedro, this thy wondrous tale
Confounds all reason. Oh! he is undone!
Unhappy, lost Gonzalvo! that a girl,
A Moorish girl, should by her wiles ensnare thee!

PEDRO.

Nay, sir, the princess is a gracious creature;
My lord had died but for her tender care.
Oh! she is innocent as nature's self,
Fair as her fairest works, and yet withal
She wears a native simple dignity,
Commanding most when most her sweetness wins.

LARA (*smiling*).

Why, Pedro, thou hast caught thy master's frenzy.

PEDRO.

Oh! 'tis no time to jest. My lord has sworn
His sword shall never take Almanzor's life.

LARA.

Blasted his fame ! For ever wrapt in night,
If he so bear himself as he has sworn !
Gonzalvo throw his country's cause away !
Impossible !

Enter GONZALVO.

GONZALVO.

Is it Lara speaks my name
As 'twere in anger ? Pity, sure, my friend,
Had better suited thy Gonzalvo's sorrows.

LARA.

Oh, my Gonzalvo ! I do pity thee ;
I pity thee, but I must blame thee too.

GONZALVO.

Speak, Lara, show me any way to escape
The brand of treason or of perjury.

LARA.

We are our country's ere we are our own ;
This tie is prior to all other claims.

GONZALVO.

And know'st thou, Lara, all my country asks ?

LARA.

To rid her of the proud insulting foe
Who checks her arms.

GONZALVO.

Nay, more than that, my friend :
To be ungrateful as the venomous serpent,
That stung the bosom which had foster'd it ;
To mock the laws of hospitality,
Sacred to all who bear the form of man :
The very savage, in the deadly strife
By life's first wants provoked, will slack the bow,
Or drop th' uplifted club, if he but mark
In th' adverse band his sometime host, whose hut
Had housed him from the night storm.

LARA.

Why, Gonzalvo,
Then why receive the sword of famed Rodrigo ?
Confirming thus th' acceptance of the challenge.

GONZALVO.

That none other might.

LARA.

Think'st thou no other arm
Has power to wield ?

GONZALVO.

Think'st *thou* the Spaniard lives
Shall claim the challenge to Gonzalvo offer'd ?

LARA.

Then wilt thou meet the Moor, and by thy arm
Almanzor dies !—Thou art thyself again.

GONZALVO (*shuddering*).

“Almanzor dies!”—Is this to be myself?

Oh horror! horror! which way soe’er I turn,

Dishonour meets my view. Or I betray

My country’s sacred trust, or break the faith

I swore to her I love! Shall a Castilian

Not shudder at the charge of perjury?

LARA.

The time has been when we two, side by side,

Like two young lions rush’d into the fight.

The turban’d infidels, disparting wide,

Shrank from the lightning of our swords. Thy soul

Then knew not of these nice distinctions; no,

Thy country, and her cause, and love of fame,

Led thee resistless on.

GONZALVO.

I had not loved!

LARA.

The soldier has no leisure for soft love,

Save when, his iron harness all unbraced,

He gives his toil-worn limbs to careless ease,

Or looser revelry; till braying trumpets

Rouse to the war, and scare the baby god

Far, far away, with all his idle toys.

GONZALVO.

Thou hast not loved if thou hast loved but so;

And nothing know'st thou of the hallow'd bond
Of virtuous attachment. He whose soul
Owns with true loyalty his king and country,
Alike is loyal to the maid he loves.
For oh! what traitor, Lara, is more base
Than he who steals a maid's first thoughts from peace,
And leaves her desolate?

LARA.

I am not skill'd
In Love's quaint rhetoric:—the subject's loyalty,
The soldier's glory mine!

GONZALVO.

Alas, my friend!
My thoughts of glory are not what they were.
To stay the fury of wide-wasting war,
And give fair peace to this distracted land;
This was th' ambition that fill'd all my soul.
How dear I hold my country, witness Heaven!
But I would fold in my expanded love
All—all her children, natives of her soil,
And commoners to breathe her balmy gales.
My friend, the vision's past! war still must rage.
'Tis doom'd!—To-morrow's sun must set in blood!
Thousands must sleep in death!—But not Almanzor.
I fly to tell her this. [Going.

LARA.

What would'st thou do?

GONZALVO.

Pedro! my steed, my steed!—Thou only, Lara,
Couldst thus have held me from her.

LARA (*holding him*).

My Gonzalvo!

GONZALVO.

Off, Lara! stay me not.—Peace may not be!
My Zelima must learn it from myself,
Must know Almanzor's life to me is sacred;
My own, thus lost to her, not worth my care. [*Exit.*

LARA.

Follow him, Pedro—Nay, a moment stay—
This passion robs him of his better judgment.
Mark me!— [*After anxious thought.*

Remind him not how fly the hours,
And lead him if thou canst through devious paths,—
And still of Zelima thy converse be,—
Devise delays as best thou canst, old man:
His life, his fame, hang on thy skill in this,
Nay more, the weal of Spain!

PEDRO.

I will, my lord;
But how may this delay avert the ill?

LARA.

Gain but a day.—Let pass this fever'd dream,
Then Glory's voice and Lara's will be heard.

Gonzalvo's valour who shall dare to question?
And trust to friendship;—yes, there yet are means
To save his fame!—His well-known casque, his shield,
Now lie within my tent.—My soul beats high—
Yes, either host shall deem Gonzalvo's arm
Deals the unerring stroke!—His proudest courser
Shall think he yields but to Gonzalvo's mastery!—
Follow him, Pedro,—soothe him, and be secret.

[Exeunt severally.]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The Wood.

ZELIMA, GONZALVO.

ZELIMA.

Yes, we must part:—leave, leave the wretch thou hast made.

Oh, fly me! Hush—methought I heard a voice!
The breath of morning, panting on the leaves,
Comes o'er me like deep thunders.—Heard'st thou aught?

GONZALVO.

'Twas but the carol of the early woodman.
Thy looks affright me: no, I cannot leave thee.

ZELIMA.

Thou must! thou must! and I must learn to see
In him who saved me but my country's foe.
It is a fearful task! for deep, too deep
Is stamp'd thy image *here*. Oh leave me then
To utter sadness,—lonely,—desolate,—
That I may conjure to my weak heart's aid
The ghosts of all my butcher'd countrymen,

Whose pil'd up corpses built thy cruel fame.
Thy true love's token be the sword that slew them!
I'll fix my eyes on the blood-crusted blade,
And listen to the sobbing of the night-blast,
Till to my ear it seem the upbraiding wail
Of dying men, cursing the unhallow'd love
I bear their murderer!

GONZALVO.

Oh, check thy speech,
Lest my brain turn, and, urg'd by fell despair—

ZELIMA.

'Tis I who must despair!—for thou art call'd
To take my brother's life, or he must plunge
His ruthless blade in my preserver's breast.
I am alike destroy'd by either blow.
Already treason!—ere the sun go down
It may be fratricide to love Gonzalvo!
Then listen what I swear. If in the lists
Thou prove victorious, glory be thy meed!
Never will Zelima behold the man
Who bears her brother's blood upon his sword.

GONZALVO.

Then art thou mine! for at thy feet I vow,
By all the passion in this bosom pent—
By all my sufferings—by thy sacred self—
By all the trembling hope—by all the joy

Thy tender pity pour'd upon my soul—
Gonzalvo's hand shall never take the life
Of one who is thy brother!

ZELIMA.

In this grove
Thou hast no witness of thy deeds, Gonzalvo,
Save love, and thy poor weeping Zelima.
But think'st thou, when the glorious lists appear,
Thy haughty queen, the king of Aragon,
With their proud court in all its bravery;
On either side the eyes of an arm'd host
Fix'd on your single swords;—the shouting voice
Of thousands pour'd upon the gale,—oh! think'st thou,
When all these strike at once upon the sense,
They will not rouse the terrible Gonzalvo,
And bear you on—O horrid, horrid image!
My bleeding brother! the exulting foe!

GONZALVO.

Have I not sworn Almanzor's life is sacred?

ZELIMA.

Ha! cruel! thou would'st say thyself will fall,
And if *thou* fall, 'tis *I*—'tis *I* have doom'd thee!
There's madness in that thought! Thou shalt not go:
Yet stay awhile—my brother's rage is high:
Thou shalt not meet his fury—no, thou shalt not—
Thus will I fetter thee! [Clinging round his neck.

GONZALVO.

And here, my love,
Here will I grow ; and ever, ever, thus
Live in thy eyes, and lose myself in joy !
Farewell to fame ! since thou will have it so.
Rest on this bosom, it is thine alone.
Welcome dishonour for thy sake !—But hark !

[After a pause.]

What sound was that ? a distant trumpet !—hark !
Again ?—It bears on every blast reproach !
The sun is high—th' appointed hour is past !
Again ! again ! it swells upon the gale.—
Ha ! now the mingling roar should rather seem
Of general conflict. Never yet Gonzalvo
Turn'd from the battle ! Louder, louder still !
My soul burns in me !—infamy, disgrace,
Are on my name ! I come ! I come !—Farewell !
Haste, Fatima—haste, Zayda—Moorish maids,
Support your princess—soothe her tenderly.

*[Enter Moorish women, to whose care he commits
her insensible with terror.]*

My Zelima, to live for thee denied,
Death for thy sake is sweet, but not dishonour !

[He rushes out.]

ZELIMA *(recovering, and looking wildly around)*.

Where am I ?—what has chanced ?—Ha ! where is he ?

Sure he was here e'en now!—and is he gone?—
See, see! he spurs his courser o'er the plain;—
He rushes to the fight! Oh, spare my brother!
Thou shalt not murder him. Forbear, Almanzor!
And would'st thou thus repay a sister's rescue?
Oh! pity, pity! Sheathe your murderous blades!
Live! cruel ones! Live for your Zelima!

[Sinks into their arms, and scene closes.]

SCENE II.

The Royal Tents.

ISABELLA, ALVAREZ, &c.

ISABELLA.

No message from the king? Alas! my fears!
Had Spain's brave champion triumph'd o'er the Moor,
Garcia, (so I enjoin'd him), had, ere now,
Brought the glad tidings. Hast thou mark'd, Alvarez,
When adverse clouds o'er th' Alpuxares meet,
A shuddering stillness creep through all the air
Ere the storm burst? Such Ferdinand observing,
Through either host as either champion yielded,
Urged me to quit the lists. I ne'er before
Beheld so fierce, so obstinate a combat.

Who would have thought, beneath a turban wrapt,
Such matchless hardihood, such desperate valour?

Enter GARCIA.

GARCIA.

This praise from Isabel be now his meed!
Almanzor's fall'n!

ISABELLA.

Then victory is ours!

GARCIA.

Alas! not so: the Moors, with frantic cries,
Rush'd on our troops: a general fight ensued;
And oh, my queen! with grief and shame, these eyes
Beheld the Spaniards yield.

Enter FERDINAND.

FERDINAND.

Joy, joy, my Isabel;
The tide of war is turn'd! Our Spaniards fled,—
In wild disorder fled!—when from the camp
Darted, with eagle speed, one all unarm'd,
Save that he brandish'd wide his desperate sword,
Maddening with rage: and "Spaniards!" he exclaim'd,
"Castilians! men of Aragon! ho! stand!
It is Gonzalvo calls you to the field!"
All turn'd at once: the Moors are panic-struck!

Impetuous as the hurricane, Gonzalvo
Bears down the yielding foe, following amain
The reflux tide of battle.

ISABELLA.

Gallant youth!
Pride of Castile! But how saidst thou "unarm'd?"
In panoply complete he met the Moor.

FERDINAND.

So deem'd each host: but when with toil o'erspent,
And hard-earn'd victory, the conqueror sunk,
His squires unbraced his casque to give him air,
And lo! brave Lara's lineaments!

ISABELLA.

Amazement!

FERDINAND.

More wonderful what follow'd, Isabel.
Our soldiers seize the slain Almanzor's corse:
Behold Gonzalvo head a Moorish band,
Defend the lifeless chief with frantic zeal;
And, aiding the heart-stricken Moors, convey
The corse from off the field.

ISABELLA.

Most strange, indeed!

GARCIA.

Venusa's prince false to the cause of Spain!

ALVAREZ.

Nor leave to hungry dogs an infidel's
Unhallow'd corse?

FERDINAND.

Returning, now he mark'd
Brave Lara 'mongst a host of vengeful Moors,
Though faint and bleeding, holding them at bay:
With lightning's speed he rush'd upon them.—Lost
To my sight, I know not the event.

ISABELLA.

My liege,
Oh doubt it not!—'tis victory!

FERDINAND.

Be ours
To improve the advantage gained. Come, Isabel;
We must take order for to-morrow's onset. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Before LARA'S Tent.

*Enter LARA, leaning on his attendants as if wounded;
GONZALVO by his side in great disorder.*

LARA.

I pray thee, my Gonzalvo, rave not thus !
Nay, hast thou not eclips'd thy former glory ;
Snatching amidst defeat itself the palm
Of victory ? Hast thou not redeem'd from death
Thy Lara, too ? Oh, who so blest, my friend,
That would not barter lots with thee this day ?

GONZALVO.

None who could read my heart. Enough of this :
Speak of thy safety, of thy life, thy fame,
For that is all saved from my wreck of bliss.

LARA.

Thy wreck of bliss when thou hast sav'd thy country ?

GONZALVO.

Is not Almanzor dead, and by thy hand ?

LARA.

Yes, by my hand ! Would'st thou that I had bared
My bosom to the Infidel's assault ?

He met me not to joust in tournament—
Or he had fallen or I.

GONZALVO.

It was not thine
The combat—'twas thy friend's. Had he met me,
Almanzor had return'd to bless his Zelima.
Wretch that I am! Ev'n now, ev'n now, alas!
My princess bends o'er her dear slaughter'd brother,
Deeming Gonzalvo perjured, false—a murderer!
He, who so lately at her feet had sworn
Almanzor's blood should never stain his sword!
Is't not enough, that, every hope shut out,
Despair be mine, but she must think this hand,
This treach'rous hand, has slaughter'd him?

[LARA takes his hand kindly.

Away!

Offer not consolation, Lara. Off!
Thou liv'st. My soul, at least, is spared remorse
For thee! thou art the victor! Wear the blood-stain'd
wreath,
Thy valour's due, and leave me to my sorrow.

[Turning from him.

LARA.

My friendship is not dear to thee as once,
Gonzalvo—

GONZALVO.

He is to holy friendship's laws

A stranger, who knows not to sympathise
In his friend's sorrows, though he ne'er have proved
Like ills himself. Thou art my fellow soldier,
Not my friend.

LARA.

Nor friend, nor fellow soldier,
Is welcome to thee more. The flatterer—yes,
The servile flatterer, is the friend thou would'st;
But Lara cannot be Gonzalvo's flatterer.
Go, bind the silken turban round thy brow,
Forswear thy friend, thy country, and thy fame;
Go revel in the Moorish wanton's smiles,
And at her feet——

GONZALVO (*drawing*).

The Moorish wanton! say'st thou?

[PEDRO *rushes between them, and catches GONZALVO'S arm.*

LARA (*baring his bosom, and with much emotion*).

But first take back the worthless life thy hand
So lately gave to him thy recreant heart
No longer owns.

[GONZALVO *gives his sword to PEDRO, and turning away, hides his eyes with his hands.*

PEDRO (*going up to LARA*).

My lord is not himself. Your wounds still bleed:

I pray you be more calm.

[*To his attendants.*

My friends, attend
The valiant Lara—bind his wounds afresh.

[Exit LARA supported.]

Pray you, my lord, allow me to attend you
To your own tents. Indeed you need repose.
Haply your faithful Pedro, who has shared
The chances that have wrought this change in you,
May better soothe the anguish of your mind.

GONZALVO.

“The Moorish wanton!”—“Revel in her smiles!”
Her brother’s blood still reeking on his sword,
To wrong her thus! With friendship’s holy name
To grace such insults!

PEDRO.

Oh! be calm, my lord.

GONZALVO.

Yes, Pedro, I will see her once again;
Tell her this hand is guiltless of his blood—
Pardon obtain—or at her feet expire!

PEDRO.

My lord, you rave. The princess is retired
Within th’ Albaysin palace with her father.
It were impossible to enter there,
As ’twere to scale yon skies.—Impossible!

GONZALVO.

No, Pedro, nothing is impossible

To one who greatly dares. I can but die,
And it is better far to die, while, ardent,
I aim my soul's strong purpose to effect,
Than sit me down as coward spirits use,
And, unresisting, sigh my life away.
Yes, I will see her!—Let me pass.

PEDRO.

My lord,
'Tis madness—'tis impossible!—I pray you
Bethink you better. *[Attempting to stop him.]*

GONZALVO (*with violence*).

Nay, attempt not, Pedro,
One to dissuade who is so bent as I am.
Yes, I will enter the proud city thus!
My arms alone are known—alone are fear'd.
What Moor will dream the wretched thing he sees
Was once Gonzalvo? I shall pass unheeded
Amidst the consternation of defeat.

*[He rushes out wildly, leaving his sword in PEDRO'S
hand. PEDRO, after a moment of consternation,
follows him.]*

ACT V.—SCENE I.

An Apartment in the Albaysin Palace.

MULEY HASSAN *and* ZELIMA.

ZELIMA.

Look up, my father; thus thy hoary head
Low in the dust!

MULEY HASSAN.

My dear, my duteous daughter!

I strive to thank the prophet thou art left me,
But cannot waken grateful thoughts within
My frozen bosom, too severely chasten'd.

My gentle child, can I no longer love thee? [Weeps.

ZELIMA.

Weep, weep, my father, give thy sorrow vent;
Despair not wholly lords it o'er the heart
That can dissolve in tears.

MULEY HASSAN.

Hah! saidst thou so?

Then wherefore see I not thy female softness
Melting in floods of woe?

ZELIMA.

The time may come
That I shall weep.—We both have lost Almanzor:
Pride and support of both!—What else of ill
May heap the measure of my grief so high,
Methinks despair can be but *this*—regards
None other.—It is mine—mine only.

MULEY HASSAN.

Thy tones of anguish thrill my soul.—My child,
For thy poor broken-hearted father's sake,
Speak yet some word of comfort and of hope.

ZELIMA.

He swore the brother of his Zelima
Was sacred to his sword! the oath still hung
On his perfidious lip.—Alas! my father,
That the dear hand which rescued Zelima,
Should pierce her bosom thus!

MULEY HASSAN.

Degenerate maid!

Thy murder'd brother welters in his blood,
And thou canst name in terms that breathe not hate
The foe who slew him!

ZELIMA.

Not in a moment can we learn to hate
One we have loved so well. Is it not hard
To call him false whom I had thought so true?

For thanks and blessings now to utter curses?
But I will bear myself as bitterest hate,
And dire revenge should prompt, nor ever see
The false, the cruel, perjured Spaniard more.

Enter OMAR.

OMAR.

Good king! my princess! I am charged with tidings
May soothe a father's grief.

MULEY HASSAN.

Is't death thou bring'st?

OMAR.

A boon more precious, Muley Hassan,—vengeance!
Gonzalvo's taken.

MULEY HASSAN.

Dost thou mock my sorrow?

OMAR.

My words are true. Unarm'd the Spaniard roam'd,
As one distraught, around the palace walls:
His wild disorder'd mien awaked suspicion,
Hemm'd in by numbers, madly he exclaims,
“Moors, dare ye meet Gonzalvo?” they shrink back
In blank amazement; when, indignant, one
Cries, “Countrymen! What!—shall a swordless arm
“Ward off a thousand sabres?” Struck with shame,
They close around and seize him. King Abdoulah

Commands his blood be shed at the obsequies
Of slain Almanzor.

ZELIMA.

Let me rather die
Than witness the too savage rites of vengeance!
Revenge may soothe the angry spirit's pain,
Not heal the broken heart.

MULEY HASSAN.

My life's last comfort!
Oh! I shall lose thee too!

(*To her women*). Support her—soothe her.

[ZELIMA retires among her women in great disorder.
Am I a Moor? and is not vengeance dear?
How lost am I!—Alas! alas! my son,
'Twere sweeter far to sheathe the dagger *here*,
And lay me down by thee, than shed the blood
Of him who saved thy sister. At my feet
When he lies lifeless, will thy lips, my son,
Or smile, or breathe? or shall I aught regain
Of all I lose in thee?—No—I shall look,
As now, on all around, a hideous blank,
And wish alike for death!

OMAR.

The mournful train,
With solemn symphonies, draws near the palace.
Abdoulah wisely urges all despatch,

For that an aged follower of Gonzalvo
Unheeded 'scaped, and may alarm the Spaniards.

MULEY HASSAN.

I come—thy arm.—Oh! give me courage, Allah!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The Court of the Palace.

*The funeral procession of ALMANZOR. GONZALVO
chained and guarded: the executioner by his side.*

CHORUS OF MOORS.

For the warrior young and brave,
Doom'd untimely to the grave,
Pour on the passing gale the voice of woe;
And mark, as deep and sad the numbers flow
Successive from the heart;—the hollow groan
Falls on the ear!—It is a father's moan!

And now the silver tone
Of female tenderness dissolves the soul:
A sister's inbred love disdains control,
Mourning the friend, the brother, and the chief,
With wild impassion'd grief.

The airs that erst with gratulation rung,
Now on dank pinions hung,
Bear heavily the plaint a nation breathes,
That sorrowing wreathes
Funereal garlands for her hero slain,
Slain in his country's cause, on yon ensanguined plain!

CHORUS OF YOUTHS.

We who on his steps attending,
Learnt from him the soldier's part,
Valour, fortitude unbending,
For our sacred home contending!
Can we tear him from our heart?
No, by our leader's bier, our arms laid low,
Wait we, in mute despair, the now victorious foe.
[Laying down their arms by the bier.]

CHORUS OF MAIDENS.

Opening radiant with the morning
Beam'd the smile we strove to share;
For that smile all others scorning:
Now for whom her charms adorning
Would the Moorish maid be fair?
Our chaplets, faded, on his bier we throw,
Our braided tresses tear, and join a sister's woe!
[Placing their garlands on the bier.]

CHORUS OF MOORS.

Wake a more impetuous lay!
Keener pangs our bosoms sway,
By patriot rage, and frenzied anguish tost!
Yet—yet—all is not lost!
Revenge! Revenge, is ours! Her bitter smile
Our sorrow shall beguile!
Revenge shall yet a thrilling joy impart,
Dear to the Moorish heart!
While cold Despair shall guide her frantic hand
Deep in the murd'rer's breast to plunge the ruthless
brand!

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS.

Breathe again funereal strains,
Give to dust the loved remains;
While from seats of glory bending
Angels hymn the soul ascending;
While a grateful nation's sighs
Waft the hero to the skies,
And its tears embalm his name,
Thus by a people's love consign'd to deathless fame.

MULEY HASSAN.

Prepare thee, youth, to die. Spite of this tear,
Revenge anon will brace my unstrung nerves
To taste the joys she gives.

GONZALVO.

Oh, Muley Hassan!

Thy gentle tongue erewhile bade me aspire
To call thee father! erring vengeance now
Prompts that same tongue to speak the doom of death
On one who has not injured thee.

MULEY HASSAN.

Ha! Spaniard,

Thou hast not injured me?—Look there! Look there!

[Pointing to the bier.]

GONZALVO.

I do beseech thee, ere I bow my head,
And court the blow that rids me of this life,
Allow me but once more to see thy daughter:
Oh! see me kneel for this, and weep before thee!

MULEY HASSAN (*aside*).

And must I pity him?—At distance yonder,
Behold the wreck of all that was so joyous!
So beautiful!—A little month ago
(So tender was her nurture) had she died,
She never had known sorrow.

(To the attendants). Lead her on.

Speak, prince, we may not long delay.

*[ZELIMA totters forward supported, and on seeing**GONZALVO, hides her face in her father's bosom.]*

GONZALVO.

Nay, turn

And look on me!—It is for thee I die,
And innocent of all offence to thee.

ZELIMA.

Perfidious Spaniard! false as thou art cruel!

[To MULEY HASSAN.

(No, I will not disgrace thee, my dear father,
By any show of pity, though it kill me).

[To GONZALVO.

Didst thou not swear to me in yonder grove
My brother's life was sacred to thy sword?
And swiftly as thy fleetest steed could bear thee,
Didst rush on him and deal the deadly blow?

GONZALVO.

No, it was I who saved yon corse from insult.

ZELIMA.

Is it thus thou givest me my rescued brother?
Is this thy pledge of faith?

GONZALVO.

I slew him not:—

I go to death, my faith to thee unbroken.
Say, thou believest—Oh! my Zelima,
Say, too, thou pitiest me.

ZELIMA (*giving way to tenderness*).

Nay, canst thou wish

Such twofold torture to poor Zelima,
As but to think thy hand is innocent,
And see thee thus?—Spare me, and say thou'rt guilty.

THE EXECUTIONER.

We may not thus delay the obsequies.

MULEY HASSAN (*with assumed firmness*).

My injured country, prince, demands thy blood.

Thy life is forfeit to the sacred dead;

A father's vengeance claims it!

(*To ZELIMA*). Thou, my child, withdraw.

[*ZELIMA retires in great disorder.*

And now, dread minister of justice, strike!

GONZALVO.

My Zelima! my love! farewell for ever!

[*MULEY HASSAN hides his face. The executioner lifts his axe, when LARA and PEDRO rush in.*

LARA.

Stay—stay your hands! ye impious murderers!

I!—I slew your Almanzor!

MULEY HASSAN.

Who art thou?

None other but Gonzalvo could have done it!

LARA.

Here Lara stands to avouch the glorious deed!

Behold Almanzor's conqueror!

GONZALVO.

My Lara!

Whither would cruel friendship lead thee? Go—

Sever'd from her I love, death is my choice.

Live, Lara, live, for Spain and for Gonzalvo.

(To the Executioner).

Strike, Moor! why stand ye thus suspended?

(To MULEY HASSAN).

Command, good king! This frantic man would save
His friend, and knows not what he says.

LARA.

Old king! I swear 'twas I who slew thy son.

GONZALVO.

Strike here! the king, Abdoulah, bade despatch.
Dread the fierce tyrant's wrath.

(To LARA.) Away, my friend!

Thy artifice shall not prevail.

LARA *(to the Executioner.)*

Strike here!

ZELIMA *(rushing from among the women, and throwing
herself at her father's feet).*

Pardon, my father, both these noble youths!
'Tis Lara speaks the truth—Gonzalvo pardon,
For that he tarried with thy Zelima,
Swearing to spare her brother, while his friend
Struck at our peace; yet pardon Lara too,
For that he thus would die to save Gonzalvo.

MULEY HASSAN.

The Spaniard's blood will not allay the pang
That rankles in this breast; but how may these
Consent to lose the sweets of promised vengeance?

ZELIMA (*to the attendants*).

My friends, who knew my brother's generous soul,
Think you his spirit may be soothed by blood
Of kindred spirits butcher'd o'er his tomb?
Not nobly shed in battle?—No—'tis he,
'Tis my Almanzor's hovering ghost that prompts
My feeble voice to cry for mercy!—Mercy!

[*Distant sounds are heard of the storming of the city.*]

Enter OMAR hastily.

OMAR.

Granada is invested on all sides!
The vengeful Spaniards lay the city waste,
Claiming their leaders, Lara and Gonzalvo.

GONZALVO.

Release me, king, and I will stay their fury:
It were more grateful to Almanzor's spirit
That I should stanch his country's blood, than shed
My own upon his corse.

ALL THE MOORS.

Release him, king!

Release the noble Spaniard!

[MULEY HASSAN releases him, and PEDRO gives him
his arms.]

GONZALVO (*embracing LARA*).

Oh, my Lara,

Generous and brave alike!—My Zelima!

Yes, thou dost pity me—deny it not!

ZELIMA.

Haste, haste, dear prince, nor lose again the moment.

MULEY HASSAN.

Let them depart, while thou and I consign

To earth, the mortal part of him whom now

The Prophet welcomes to the bowers of bliss.

[Exeunt GONZALVO and LARA on one side, followed by the young Moors. On the other the funeral procession, with MULEY HASSAN, ZELIMA, Maidens, &c. and the Scene closes.]

SCENE III.

A public Part of Granada.

Storming of the City heard. Spaniards and Moors in great confusion, fighting: the Moors driven off.—

MULEY HASSAN and ZELIMA afterwards, with attendants.

MULEY HASSAN.

My friends, it is the Prophet's will these eyes

Should see, ere yet they close, Granada's realm—

Land of my fathers—fall!—My son! thou sleepest
The eternal sleep, not ev'n thy country's groans
May break!—I am resign'd!

[He kneels, and for a moment is wrapt in devotion.]

While yet I reign'd,
I did not cause my people's tears to flow;
And at this awful moment, when I wait
The stroke of death, no form terrific gleams
Athwart my soul of one accusing Moor!

[The noise redoubles.]

ZELIMA.

The dreadful tumult grows upon the ear!
Havoc and death approach!—My dear, dear father!
[Clinging to him.]

They shall not tear thee from me—my last breath
Shall speak a blessing on thy parting child.
They come! they come!—Oh, hold me to thy heart!

Enter SELIM.

SELIM.

The guard is forced!—Within the gates they rage,
The furious Spaniards!—Fly, my princess, fly!
Fly, good old man!

(Kneeling). I was thy subject once,
And my heart owns thee still—Oh! if my arm
Could stay the stroke that threatens thy reverend head,

One moment stay it—think'st thou I would fly?—
But they are thousands drunk with blood and conquest.
[Starts up, and exit.

Spaniards rush in, led by GARCIA.

GARCIA.

This—this is he! the hoary infidel!
Drag him before victorious Ferdinand!
[They seize him.

A SPANIARD (*seizing ZELIMA*).

This is a prize indeed!—Come on, fair Moor!

ZELIMA (*struggling*).

Save me, my father! save me from these ruffians!
Gonzalvo! Oh Gonzalvo! where art thou?

MULEY HASSAN.

Unhand her, villains! Leave the royal maid!

ZELIMA.

Save me!

MULEY HASSAN.

Can age, e'en palsied age, unnerve
The arm of him who hears a daughter's cry!
Oh, my heart's darling!—Brutal villains, off!
[He makes a violent effort, breaks from them, strikes
down one, rescues his Daughter, is wounded by
GARCIA in the struggle, and sinks into ZELIMA'S
arms.

This trembling hand was arm'd with Heaven's might
To save a daughter!—Yes, I hold thee still—
Thanks to the Prophet!—Cling to me—I faint.

ZELIMA.

Oh gracious Allah! See—he bleeds—Help! help!

Enter LARA.

LARA.

Whence came that piercing shriek?—The Moorish
princess!

Hold, ruffians, hold!—Hold in Gonzalvo's name!

[*To MULEY HASSAN.*

From him I come with grateful tidings, king,
Alas, I fear too late!—Recal thy spirit—
Peace to thy bleeding country!

MULEY HASSAN (*reviving*).

Oh! I thank thee!

That word has life in't.—I can hear thy tale.

I bleed apace, but my firm spirit yet

Wings not its flight— [To ZELIMA.

It hangs on all it loves,

And will not part.

LARA.

The tide of blood is stayed.

The heartless Moors, deprived of their Almanzor,
Yielded on all sides, when Gonzalvo's voice

Quarter proclaim'd, and check'd the hot pursuit
In the names of Ferdinand and Isabel.
In gentlest triumph see the victors come!

MULEY HASSAN.

I breathe more freely.

ZELIMA (*with rapture*).

Yes, thy swimming eyes
Are lighted with new fire. Oh thou wilt live,
And bless thy daughter still!

MULEY HASSAN.

Yes, Zelima,
I grapple still with death, and will not yield.
A purpose to my parting soul most dear,
Supports me still a space against the course
Of nature—and I will—will yet—

*Enter FERDINAND and ISABELLA, GONZALVO, Spanish
Nobles, &c.*

GONZALVO (*kneeling, and raising MULEY HASSAN*).
Oh, Muley Hassan! honour'd, reverend king!
What ruthless hand has done this?—Look on me,
Dear, good old man! and call me once thy son.

MULEY HASSAN (*joining their hands*).
Protect her—Oh! my son!

ISABELLA.

Live, Muley Hassan!

Live to bless these, and see thy people blest!
The weal of fall'n Granada we commit
To thy Gonzalvo.

MULEY HASSAN.

Now I die content—

Thanks, generous victors!—Oh, my Zelima!
My pent soul flutters to be gone.—We must—
Yes, we must part.—I forced my spirit—stay
Awhile—and still—still would behold thee once—
Why dost thou vanish?—Why dost flit away?
My child—my child—I hope—I hope I die
Within thy arms. (*Reaching, as if to seek her*).

Oh! that I could feel thee!—

Press me—Oh! press me to thy heart, my child! [*Dies.*

[After a pause ZELIMA lays her cheek to his face, and starting.]

ZELIMA.

Hush! hush! was't not a breath of life that fann'd
My cheek? [*Laying her hand on his breast.*

Oh no!—no, no—I may not hope—
Thy kind heart beats no more beneath my hand—
All, all is still!—My father! oh, my father!

[She leans over the body lost in grief, GONZALVO supporting her. The Curtain drops.]

To the Chamber of the King, and the people of the
The end of the Chamber of the King, and the people of the
To the Chamber of the King, and the people of the

HENRY HENRY

Now I am content—
Thank you, my dear friend, for the
My dear friend, for the
I am content—
A while—
Why should I not be happy?
My child—
Within the range of the
I am content—
I am content—
I am content—

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HENRY HENRY

PEDRARIAS,

A TRAGIC DRAMA.

REVISED

A. J. B. B. B. B.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA

PEREGRINE D'ARLINGTON, a young English nobleman, the hero of the drama.
ALICE, his daughter.
CORNELIUS, her betrothed.
LORD, and other persons.

THIS drama was written in May 1811, and has been revised at different periods since. For the story see "Les Incas" of Marmontel. As it is one of pure invention, it was thought allowable to take great liberties with it.

This drama was written in May 1811, and has been
revised at different periods since. For the story see
"The Poets" of Shakespeare. As it is one of pure
fanciful, it was thought advisable to take great
liberty with it.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

PEDRARIAS D'AVILA, *governor of the Isthmus of Darien.*

ALPHONSO, *his son.*

GUSMAN, *his minister.*

LOPEZ, *and other Spanish nobles.*

PEREZ, *a spy.*

CAPANA, *an Indian cacique.*

HOUACO, *his son, at first under the name of ZAMORI.*

THELASCO, *an Indian warrior.*

KALI, *an Indian.*

LASCALA, *an old Indian.*

AMAZILIA, *a young Indian woman of high birth, betrothed to Houaco.*

LAILA, *her friend.*

An old Indian woman.

Spanish Soldiers, Indians, &c.

SCENE, *Panama, and mountains of the adjacent country.*

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

FRANCIS D'AVILA, Governor of the Island of Jamaica.

ALONSO, his son.

GUANABARA, his minister.

LOPEZ, and other Spanish nobles.

FRANCIS, a negro.

CARLOS, an Indian captive.

RODRIGO, his son, at first under the name of ALONSO.

TERRELLA, an Indian warrior.

KEAT, an Indian.

ALONSO, an old Indian.

ANITA, a young Indian woman of high birth, betrothed to FRANCIS.

FRANCIS, her friend.

ALONSO, her friend.

ALONSO, her friend.

ALONSO, her friend.

ALONSO, her friend.

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ALONSO, her friend.

ALONSO, her friend.

P E D R A R I A S.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

Indian Scenery.

Groups of Indians pass over the stage with garlands, &c. as if busily employed in preparations for a rustic sacrifice. THELASCO enters alone from the opposite side, and KALI comes forward from the other Indians to meet him.

KALI.

WELCOME, Thelasco, welcome! Thou return'st
In happy hour. Our good cacique, Capana,
Wills that the feast of vengeance be completed
This very day. The rites are all prepared.

THELASCO.

What mean'st thou, Kali? Ere the last moon waned,
Nine of the fell invaders, by our warriors

Surprised and taken on yon wilds, had bled :
One breathed alone, when with my chosen band
Again I sought the foe.

KALI.

True, brave Thelasco ;
For nine successive days our people feasted,
Pouring forth songs before the God of Vengeance,
While on his altars flow'd a Spaniard's blood ;
But nought of joy stole on the settled sorrow
Of good Capana. On the tenth, the sun
Frown'd on our rites ; the angry thunders roar'd ;
The ominous tear rolled down Capana's cheek ;
The rites were stopp'd.

THELASCO.

But sure the sun has smiled
With ray benignant many a day since then ?

KALI.

And yet the sacrifice has still been stay'd.
Our great cacique best reads portentous skies,
Nor till this day has deem'd the signs propitious.
With sadden'd brow e'en now——

THELASCO.

Alas ! what sadness
Can thus hang heavy on Capana's breast ?
Has he not saved the remnant of his people
By his sole godlike wisdom, and his valour ?

Did he not lead us, press'd by foes and famine,
O'er mountains, inaccessible to all
But those who follow such a leader? One,
Whose bleeding wounds mark, drop by drop, the course
He cheers his bands to follow: whose parch'd lips,
Smiling, refuse the cooling draught we scoop
In the cleft rock—bidding his follower drink!
Till in this valley, by these heights hemm'd in,
(Committing us, as 'twere, to Nature's bosom),
He bids us live secure—beyond the reach
Of fierce Pedrarias, and his lawless rout.
Can he retrace these deeds and taste of sadness?

KALI.

Valiant Thelasco!—thou art not a father,
Or had'st not ask'd that question.

THELASCO.

True:—Houaco

Was on the fatal field or slain, or lost;
But two long summers, since gone by, might blunt
Remembrance:—and the bloody day that reft
Capana of a people, and a son,
Closed that son's course in glory! Mark'd you not
How many his unerring hatchet laid in dust?
I saw them writhe in death! I heard them groan!
That is a music never shall be poured

Upon th' invader's ear from Indian lips*!
We laugh amidst the tortures they inflict,
And sing our death song—while these sons o' th' sea,
(Cast by distemper'd ocean on our shores),
If chance the feather'd shaft, or missile bone,
Invade their blanch'd and delicate limbs, forget,
And shame, their manhood thus.

KALI.

Yet by their arts
Of fatal magic, that compel the cloud
To yield reluctant from its wreathing folds
The smouldering bolt—by their bright arms that flash
Forged lightnings, bickering, impious, to the sun,
And by their iron coats that mock our shafts,
They are invincible.

THELASCO.

Invincible!

No, Kali, no. Hast thou not seen the deep
With hideous swell, wave over wave, bear on,
As it would swallow, in its might, our shores?
And do not still our green and laughing shores

* Speaking of the natives on the coast of those provinces known by the names of Paria and Cumana, Robertson says, "They seemed to possess a better understanding, and greater courage, than the inhabitants of the islands." *History of America*, Book II.

Mock at its rage? E'en thus let us oppose
Resistance firm, unalterable—thus mock
Their glittering terrors, and their coward mail.

KALI.

Such reckless valour, what has it avail'd us?

THELASCO.

And dost thou call that valour *reckless* valour
Which saved thee, Kali, and thy trembling fellows,
When conquer'd by these idle fears ye fled,
Or fell unhurt? Eternal shame!—No more—
We loiter. I to Capana must report
How undisturb'd I and my band have roam'd
The unpeopled wastes, nor found a straggler more
Of this fell race, to *thee* so terrible! [*Exeunt severally.*

AMAZILIA and LAILA come forward from among the
woody scenery.

LAILA (*following* AMAZILIA, *who seems to avoid her*).
All is prepared. The troops of damsels hymn
The song of sacrifice. Fair Amazilia,
Here is a wreath of flowers to deck thy brow:
Here is thy flowing veil: thou heed'st me not—
Thou dost not smile.

AMAZILIA.

Why should I smile, my Laila?

This is a solemn sacrifice—a sad one.

Is not death sad?

LAILA.

When 'tis our foe that dies,
We Indians* hold it is a joyous sight.

AMAZILIA.

“Our foe?”—Methinks this poor, ill-fated youth,
Has not the semblance of a foe to any.

LAILA.

Is he not of the band of fell destroyers?
Dost thou not hate him?

AMAZILIA.

Yes—I hope I hate him.

LAILA.

Why dies the word upon thy faltering lip?

AMAZILIA (*taking her hand affectionately*).

Thou wast my friend. Am I still dear to thee?

LAILA.

Indeed, indeed, thou art! I never thought
But as thy nobler nature swayed my mind,
And am in all devoted to thy will.

* “Even after the error which gave rise to this opinion (that the new world was part of India) was detected, and the true position of the new world was ascertained, the name has remained; and the appellation of West Indies is given by all the people of Europe to the country, and that of Indians to its inhabitants.”—*Robertson's History of America*, Book II.

AMAZILIA.

A month has pass'd, and ever as this youth
Has been led forth to bleed before our gods,
Thou know'st Capana has been moved to pity;
And canst thou blame a woman's gentler nature,
If, touch'd with soft compassion, I relented?
I would not see him die.

LAILA.

The God of Vengeance
Demands his blood.

AMAZILIA (*with energy*).

Oh! but the God of Mercy
Bids the poor captive live!

LAILA.

Alas! the Indians
Know not of such a God—and how shouldst thou?

AMAZILIA.

The captive Christian bade me serve him, Laila!

LAILA.

Thy words and gestures fill my soul with terror.
How couldst thou learn aught of the captive's worship?

AMAZILIA.

Each night, when all, within this happy valley,
Lay hush'd in sleep, compassion led my steps
To the young captive's cave; and near the entrance,
Unseen by him, I oft would chant the lays

Our mothers teach, when death has claim'd our warriors,
To cheat the hideous phantom of his terrors.
But while I sang of nature's sweet repose,
Lapt in the bosom of the parent earth,
My heart disown'd the fraud—and form'd the wish
That *he* might *live*, whom thus I woo'd to *die*!
He too address'd me in such accents, Laila,
I could not choose but listen. His heav'n-taught words,
Awful yet sweet, waked in me a new soul.
In lowly ignorance, and abject fear,
Erewhile I trembled when the thunders roll'd;
And in each element a mighty power,
Angry and vengeful, sought t'appease. But now,
Oh now! a father's warning voice I hear
In solemn thunders!—see *his* gracious smile
In the sun's beams—*his hand* beneficent
In the earth's fruits—nor fear might infinite,
With goodness infinite!—Infinite mercy,
Wisdom, and love—as in Alphonso's God!

LAILA.

And did a God so bounteous send them forth
To ravage India?

AMAZILIA.

No:—he bade them spare.
More have I learnt, my Laila. These destroyers,
These cruel men who drench our land with blood,

Have some among them who are like this youth;
But they are few, and o'erborne by the many.

LAILA.

Oft, Amazilia, have I mark'd of late
Thy alter'd mien, and the high views that fill'd
Thy labouring mind: still thou wert ever kind,
Nor didst disdain thy Laila's humble love.
Give me then all thy thoughts.

AMAZILIA.

They are all—all,
To save the youth! Dear Laila, come with me,
And we will pray Alphonso's God to aid us:
He will inspire my dark, untutor'd mind
In his own holy cause—the cause of mercy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A deep valley, inclosed by inaccessible mountains, filled with Indian huts, mixed with palm-trees, &c. In the front a rustic throne under a spreading palm, and an altar with an image rudely carved, representing the God of Vengeance.

Enter CAPANA (properly attended), in conversation with
THELASCO.

CAPANA.

Believe me, brave Thelasco, 'tis not weakness.
Thou hast shared my counsels, and hast ever been
My partner in the fight. When hast thou known
Vain shapes, and idle phantoms, move my spirit?
Our very Gods have pleaded for this youth:
A boding voice has sounded in my heart;
Nay, strange portentous signs have stain'd the skies!
The guards that, nightly watching, skirt the valley,
Have heard melodious warblings round his cave,
Soothing his slumbers, and have trembled, awe-struck.
Whene'er I communed with him, he, methought,
Held all my troubled spirit in control.
If these destroyers are like him endow'd,
Alas! for India's sons!

THELASCO.

Alas! for thee!

Alas! for India's sons, should he escape!

He would divulge the place of our retreat.

CAPANA (*sorrowfully*).

I know it well: and therefore have decreed

The consummation of the sacrifice.

THELASCO.

That one of this fell race should move thee thus!

CAPANA.

He is a father's only son, he says:

I had no son, my friend, save young Houaco.

[*Brushing away a tear.*

What had I felt had he a captive stood

Before a Spaniard?

THELASCO.

Ha! had *he* found mercy?

Let double tortures rack this cozener!

[*The procession for the sacrifice approaches, winding through the trees.* ALPHONSO bound and guarded.

CAPANA.

They lead him on, but ere he sleep in death,

Thou too shalt hear him, and astonish'd, won,

To pity yielding, wilt revoke this wish.

[*He makes signs that ALPHONSO should be brought before him, and ascends the throne.*

ALPHONSO.

Cacique! What would'st thou with me? I have pray'd
The God I worship not to visit on thee
My innocent blood: and almost am resigned
To quit this life, ere I have aught achieved
Of all the mighty purpose of my soul.

THELASCO.

Thy coward spirit shrinks from death, it seems;
We Indians welcome the repose he brings.

ALPHONSO.

It is the coward spirit, haughty Indian,
That welcomes soft repose. But, fearless, *I*
Would welcome dangers, toils, severest ills,
In glory's cause; and would not lay me down,
In all the pride, and strength of manhood, thus
Unhonour'd and unwept!

THELASCO.

What call'st thou "glory?"
Thousands of friendly Indians at thy feet
Butcher'd by fraud, who on their shores received
With songs and dances, and with garlands crown'd ye,
As welcome guests?

ALPHONSO.

I was a stripling then:
With horror marked the deed, and, in my heart,
Vow'd I would ever be the Indian's friend!
Nor have I stained this hand with Indian blood.

Nay, oft my youthful pleadings have prevailed
With one, whose sterner temper own'd no check,
Save my poor prayers and tears.

[*Checking himself; then with energy.*

Yes, I would live!

I feel such impulses within my breast,
To mark my course by justice and by mercy,
That I would live! Yet would exulting meet
Death, linked with torture, if with glory linked!
But thus to fall!

CAPANA (*to THELASCO aside*).

What wrong would'st thou avenge?
Say, what his crime?

THELASCO.

That he was born a Spaniard.
Was it not guilt enough in Spanish eyes,
That we were Indian born?

CAPANA.

Not so with him.

(*To ALPHONSO with emotion*).

Were I, in weak compassion to thy youth,
To give thee life!

ALPHONSO (*eagerly*).

And liberty!

CAPANA.

Thy liberty
Were our destruction. Here thou must abide.

ALPHONSO.

Death has no terrors now! Command the rites.

CAPANA.

Thou would'st reveal the place of our retreat.

ALPHONSO.

What wilt thou trust if not the grateful heart?

CAPANA.

Nay, not thy heart: I but mistrust thy youth.

In fellow feeling for a *father's* pain,

Who has no son but thee—I could relent—

ALPHONSO.

Not *to my father* must thou give my life!

Lead on—I will not practise on thy goodness.

CAPANA.

Not *to thy father*? 'Tis for him I feel!

I too have lost an only son, and would not

Another father should feel pangs like mine!

ALPHONSO.

Generous Capana! I will not deceive thee.

Know, should'st thou give *me* life and liberty,

It is *Pedrarias'* son thou bind'st to thee!

CAPANA (*with horror*).

The fell Pedrarias!

THELASCO.

Ha! Pedrarias, say'st thou?

He who, insatiable of Indian blood,

Clapping his gory palms, cheer'd on his dogs

To trace our weary steps, and piecemeal tear
Our quiv'ring flesh! Pedrarias! the destroyer!
Beneath whose murderous stroke our fathers fell;
Whose name our widows curse, and, but pronounced,
Serves as a bugbear to their orphan babes!

(To the attendants).

Invent new tortures for Pedrarias' son!

(The Indians rush forward with expressions of fury).

AMAZILIA *(breaking from the troop of damsels).*

Hold! hold! forbear! Ye know not what ye do!
A God, far other than the God of Vengeance,
Speaks by my simple tongue, and *will* be heard!
Say, if revenge were sweet, as we are taught,
Have not nine victims bled upon this altar?
And who has yet seen good Capana smile?
What son regains the father he has lost?
What widow ceases to deplore her husband?
The victims bled, while we, with giddy songs,
Drown'd nature's voice! They bled—and all was o'er!
In our lone cabins, when retired to rest,
Say, were our sorrows soothed?

[All hang their heads mournfully.

I!—I will tell

How noble spirits seek a sweet revenge!
Give *him* a son who robb'd thee, chief, of *thine*,
And see the humbled tyrant at thy feet

Owe all to *him* he injured, and confess
He learns of *thee* to serve the God he boasts!

CAPANA (*with great emotion*).

Thy words, my Amazilia, reach my soul,
And shake its temper— [Striking his breast.

Oh! I feel them here!

ALPHONSO (*aside*).

That voice! whose every tone my heart-strings answer
With strong vibrations, sweet e'en to agony!

Those charms! nor seen, nor imaged, till this hour!

CAPANA (*after a conflict, descending from his throne*).

Son of the man who desolates my country—

Whom pity never touch'd—son of Pedrarias—

I give thee life!—I give thee liberty!

[ALPHONSO throws himself at his feet.

Go to thy father. Say, an Indian chief,

Whose people he has swept from off the earth,

Whom he has doom'd to childless age, and sorrow,

Low at his feet saw fell Pedrarias' son!

Within his grasp each instrument of torture—

And raised him thus, and press'd him to his bosom!

[Raising and embracing him.

ALPHONSO.

Oh generous! generous! Thou—my more than father!

CAPANA.

Speak not Capana's name, nor e'er reveal

The place of our retreat.

[ALPHONSO *is kneeling to swear.*

Nay, swear not, youth.

It is impossible thou should'st betray us.

ALPHONSO.

Oh thou so noble! Thou, who serv'st so well
The Christian's God! and thou! divinest maid!
My guardian angel! Oh! I cannot speak
My soul's wild tumult!—yes, the life ye give
Devoted to your weal! I here abjure
My country's cruel cause. Trust me, cacique,
Nor prayers nor threats shall wring thy secret from me.
A father's wrath were vain. But far, far otherwise
His grateful thoughts will prompt. This deed will wake
An Indian soul in great Pedrarias' breast;
And sure, if benefits can e'er atone
The wrongs ye've suffer'd, sure ye will be blest!
Oh that he could alike restore thy son,
And render joy for joy!

CAPANA.

Houaco fell

With thousands of my butcher'd people, youth.
Wake not the thought, while thus a something new,
Awful, exalted, soothes my heart's long sorrow!
'Tis not a father's wrath will shake thy soul.
Thou know'st him not. Beware his thanks! his
blessings!

Oh! let not these betray thy simple heart
To break thy promise!—no, not if he swore
To place me on the throne of all these realms,
Himself my subject, and his arm my stay.
Name not Capana, nor his place of rest;
Not e'en to Indians, now the invader's slaves!
I and my friends ask but to be forgotten.
And should thy guileless youth, o'ermatch'd by fraud,
And semblance fair, aught falter, look on this!

*[Taking an ornament from his own neck, and
hanging it on ALPHONSO'S.]*

Think of Capana, and be firm again.

ALPHONSO.

Dear, honour'd pledge! that never but with life
Shalt quit this bosom!

[After gazing on it, and pressing it to his bosom.]

Visions of glorious deeds!

Bright hopes that float confus'dly in my brain!
Yes, I was born the instrument of mercy!
My father now shall hail you men, and brothers;
Shall sheathe the sword, and ye shall come anon,
Won by the fame of his good deeds, shall come——

CAPANA.

Alas! thou dreamest, poor ingenuous youth!
Depart!—My people shall conduct thy steps
Among the yawning gulfs, and rocks stupendous

That gird this valley, shutting out each eye,
Save that of the all-searching, sacred sun.

ALPHONSO.

Yet ere I part, Cacique, oh! let me breathe
A prayer for her, that unknown, heavenly maid,
Who calls me to a new—a dearer life!

[As he kneels and takes her hand.]

AMAZILIA.

Away—away, youth!—See, Thelasco frowns.
Oh fly!—farewell!—Yet if e'er aught of sorrow
Visit thee, in that hour think of the maid
Who soothed, erewhile, thy anguish; and who still,
Oh! still would fain—yet never must again
Or see—or hear thee—youth.

[Appears overcome, and then with sudden transport.]

But thou wilt live!

'Twas all I ask'd!

ALPHONSO.

This life, thy gift, were vain,
My guardian angel! vain were deeds of worth
Not by thy smile approved!—and saidst thou *never*?
That word of dreadful import—Oh! recall it,
For till this hour, thou matchless excellence!—

THELASCO.

Why linger'st thou? Art thou not free?—Away!

And may each torture, vengeance can devise,
Rack thy false soul if thou break faith with us!

*[Exit ALPHONSO on one side, escorted by a troop of
Indians; CAPANA and THELASCO on the other.*

AMAZILIA and LAILA remain.

AMAZILIA (after gazing till ALPHONSO is out of sight).

And is he gone? for ever gone, my Laila?

And must I in this valley still remain,

To breathe, to move, to sleep?—If haply sleep,

Calm death-like sleep, will close my aching eyes,

Wearied with watching through the live-long day

Yon towering heights, upheaved by hate and envy.

*[ALPHONSO and his troop seen at a distance among
the heights; when he disappears, she stretches her
arms towards the heights.*

Ha! have ye shut him from my view for ever?

Arm, arm your terrible brows with darker terrors,

If ye would awe my soul, or bar the way

To my fond wishes.

LAILA.

Said'st thou thy *fond* wishes?

My Amazilia, wert thou not betrothed

To brave Houaco?

AMAZILIA.

I have wept Houaco,

In battle slain.

LAILA.

And shall another fill
The heart where brave Houaco wont to reign?

AMAZILIA.

What have the dead to do with this sad heart?
I held Houaco dear from earliest years,
For that he would prevent my childish wishes,
And still was blest if Amazilia smiled.
It was a thing of habit, as we prize
Whate'er may to our pleasure minister.
It did not fill the heart, but I was tranquil,
And nothing knew of these high hopes, these thoughts
Aspiring, restless, wild, tumultuous,
That make our pent up vale, our abject life,
Our brutish ignorance, and slothful ease,
So irksome to my soul.

LAILA.

Oh, Amazilia!

'Tis a distemper'd fancy thus misleads thee.
Are we not taught that disembodied spirits,
In sweet perpetual change of song and dance,
Float joyous; or in flowery meads recline,
Now slumbering, or now waking to light labours
That make repose more grateful?—Say, my friend,
Live we not even so? and is this irksome?

AMAZILIA.

Yes, to a mind that would aspire so high
As fellowship of thought with *him*—that would
With *him* share toil and danger!—Yes, to one
Who would with *him* enlighten,—bless a people,—
And, dying, leave a name that might not perish!
Come with me to our cabin—thou shalt learn
All that thy friend would wish, would hope, would dare.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Governor's Palace at Panama.

PEDRARIAS *and his Court at a grand feast, ALPHONSO by his father's side. Shouts are heard as from the people rejoicing around the palace. The guests rise with goblets in their hands to welcome ALPHONSO.*

PEDRARIAS.

Thanks, thanks, my friends and fellows in renown!
That ye who shared my dangers and my toils,
Should, with such heartfelt brotherhood, partake
My private joy, to me is doubly grateful:
Our infant state on these fair-conquer'd shores
Thrives but by brotherhood thus firmly knit.
What yet remains were as a healthful pastime
To banish sluggish ease. 'Tis but to sweep,
From these our fruitful plains, the native hordes
That still infest them.—What says my Alphonso?

ALPHONSO (*shudders, and starts from his reverie*).
My honour'd father! in this o'ercharged breast
A thousand feelings strive for mastery.

I would control my wayward thoughts, and worthily
Express my thanks to these our noble friends.

[He rises, and bows with a goblet in his hand.]

LOPEZ.

The holiday thy glad return has made
In Panama, were idle revelry,
Unworthy of its cause, if mark'd alone
By clamorous shouts. A nobler game, Alphonso,
Should seal our joys with blood!

PEDRARIAS.

It is well said!

[The shouts without are repeated.]

Don Gusman, bear our oft repeated thanks
Once more to the glad throng without, I pray;
Go thou and give them fair dismissal.—Now *[Rising.]*
In this last cup, my friends, I pledge you all.

[All rise and drink.]

'Twere tedious to repeat my grateful thoughts.
The evening closes fast; and, ere I rest,
The cares of state demand a thoughtful hour.

[They begin to move off with ceremony, PEDRARIAS comes forward.]

Conduct Don Lopez to the gate, my son.

[Exeunt ALPHONSO and LOPEZ.]

No longer shall your boiling spirits chafe
Within these walls, my friends. The means are mine

To trace the savage hordes to their last refuge.
Visions of conquest on your slumbers wait!
My valiant Gomez, Carlos, and Alvarez;
And you—and you—my brave companions all!
Pass without compliment.—Sweet rest attend you!

*[Exeunt with proper ceremony. PEDRARIAS remains
in deep thought. GUSMAN returns.]*

GUSMAN,

Methinks, my lord, while with such general joy
All Panama has welcomed Don Alphonso,
Some secret care has prey'd upon your mind,
Checking the tide of a fond father's gladness.

PEDRARIAS.

True, Gusman, true; greatness has heavy cares.
Those savages, who rather than submit
To slavery, would sullen die despairing—
Say, have they suffer'd torture?

GUSMAN.

No, my lord.

Pardon that still the rebel natives live.
Tortures avail'd us nothing.—We desisted.

PEDRARIAS.

Perdition! shall they live who brave my power?
Why am I not obey'd?

GUSMAN.

If vanquish'd foes

We daily slaughter thus, where shall we find
The slaves required to dig the precious ore?

PEDRARIAS.

Ye have been slack. New tortures shall compel
These slothful slaves to ply their sun-bask'd limbs
For conquerors.—Let them be rack'd—Away!

GUSMAN.

My lord, 'tis useless now. Zamori's voice,
Their fellow slave, Zamori's, has prevail'd.

PEDRARIAS.

Zamori, say'st thou?

GUSMAN.

Yes, with earnest prayer,
He sued to parley with his countrymen,
Unheard by me.

PEDRARIAS.

Thou didst not sure consent?

GUSMAN.

I did, my lord. But was not distant far,
And something caught of what Zamori urged.
He spoke of patience—of some distant hope—
A hope full sweet—some good inestimable,
However dearly purchased. There I lost
His farther speech among the mingling sounds.
Their stubborn spirits on the instant yielded:
They wept—they gnash'd their teeth, when, sudden, he

First snatch'd a mattock, and with lusty stroke
Open'd the soil. All follow'd eagerly,
With bleeding wounds inflicted by the lash,
Or limbs disjointed by the rack.—'Twas piteous!

PEDRARIAS.

Gusman, thou wert of my all-conquering band.
I little thought to see thee heave the sigh
For these dull clods of earth.—Thou mov'st my scorn.

[He paces the stage, ruminating.]

And would Zamori move his brutish fellows
To serve their master? What might be his motive?
Proud, uncomplaining, melancholy, stern,
I oft have mark'd this Indian's lofty mien;
And (for his carriage still rebuked my spirit)
I added e'en indignity to torture.
As rocks that from the daily whelming tide
Rear the unalter'd brow, he bore himself!
It was *his* firmness taught them to resist,
And is it *he* who schools them now to yield?

GUSMAN.

My lord, released of late from servile chains,
Nearer your person he has been advanced.
This gentler treatment in a noble nature——

PEDRARIAS.

'Twas but the nearer to observe his bearing.
There is a savage greatness in Zamori

That should awake suspicion. Much he may,
Swaying the minds of all his fellows thus.

GUSMAN.

Indeed, my lord, the slave has well deserved.
He will be faithful.

PEDRARIAS.

Faithful he *shall* be!

My eye is on him.—But far other cares
Engross my mind.—Hast thou observed Alphonso?
Can a few weeks have changed his very nature?
Musing he sits, and frowns as fancy works,
Or if I question him, he speaks as though
Each word involved some mighty consequence.

GUSMAN.

Perchance the thought of those who shared his sports,
And perish'd 'mong the desert wilds, may still
Hang heavy on his heart, and cloud his brow.

PEDRARIAS.

I know not what to think, nor what to fear.
—But thou retire, my friend, and charge Zamori
To seek my son, Alphonso, ere he rest,
And say I wait his coming in my chamber.
His father there would give the rein to nature,
And breathe a blessing on his son restored.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.

The Governor's Ante-chamber.

ALPHONSO and HOUACO enter in conversation.

ALPHONSO.

Thee, most of all, Zamori, save my father,
I joy to see again. Yet thou alone
Hast not once deign'd to smile on my return.

HOUACO.

Joy is a stranger to Zamori's breast!

*[Retiring slowly, and fixing his eyes on ALPHONSO,
who looks kindly after him, then advances towards
his father, who comes from an inner apartment.]*

PEDRARIAS.

My son! my loved Alphonso! shall I own
That I am almost weary of these loud
Tumultuous rejoicings? though for thee,
And thy return glad Panama thus maddens.
Nay, thou art weary too, and spiritless.

ALPHONSO.

The joy to see my father and my friends
Has something of a tender, serious cast,

That rather might to silent tears incline
Than these wild revellings.

PEDRARIAS.

Were *tenderness*
The character of my Alphonso's joy,
He were not thus dark, guarded, hesitating,
Whene'er a father's fondness prompts th' inquiry
Of all that has befallen.

ALPHONSO.

I will tell all
That may import a father. How the chase
Of the swift lama, and the fiercer bison,
Led on thy thoughtless son, and his young band,
The partners of his sports, through trackless woods,
O'er mountains, rocks, and wilds, till, lost their course,
O'erspent with toil, dispersed, a prey to famine—
The natives of those unknown deserts found,
Surrounded, seized, and bound thy son.

PEDRARIAS.

Bound thee!

Pedrarias' son bound by these savages!
Ha! they shall dearly rue——

ALPHONSO.

Nay, shall they rue
The noble pity lavish'd upon one
Of the fell race——

(*Aside, checking himself.*) But silence, my rash tongue!

(*Aloud.*) Their generous leader knew thy son, and
loosed him!

He raised, embraced me, bade me say from him——

[*Again checking himself.*

His looks strike terror!—The good Indian's words

Would but embitter whom they might not move

To emulate his gentle deeds.

PEDRARIAS.

E'en now

Mark how your speech is broken—how you start,

And shift, as 'twere some guilty thought appall'd you.

Their chief?—say, was he a Cacique?

(*Aside.*) Could *he*,

The bold, the patient, persevering savage,

Capana?—Would the fierce Thelasco do it?

No, no. It must be one who *knows* my power,

And thus would win my favour; but not one

Who has so *felt* that power who would release him.

(*Aloud.*) Where lurks the savage chieftain with his horde?

Whence com'st thou?

ALPHONSO.

From among a generous race!

Nature's free children! By her special love

Guarded from ill! Blest in their simpleness,

To avarice they hold no fatal lure!

Rich but in worth! Oh, sacred be their peace!

[*With joy and tenderness.*

Thou didst lament a son, and he is here!

Is't not enough thy once loved son restored?

[*Throwing himself on his bosom.*

PEDRARIAS (*putting him from him coldly*).

'Tis not enough, if thus my son return

Alter'd, estranged,—haply with savages

Leagued to betray——

ALPHONSO.

Oh, check thy cruel speech;

Or if thou canst suspect my loyalty,

Treat me as one attainted; fasten fetters

On thy son's guiltless limbs, within a dungeon

Cast him, and prefer thy accusation.

What is my crime, my father?

PEDRARIAS.

Disobedience

To the vicegerent of thy king, young man,

And to thy father.

ALPHONSO.

Load me then with chains—

Proclaim me traitor—send me thus to Spain:

Were it not better to be falsely branded,

Than in my secret bosom feel the sting

He needs must feel who can indeed betray?

PEDRARIAS.

Ungracious boy! and is it thus I find thee?
What tortures shall my just revenge devise
For him who robs me of my son?—The savage!

ALPHONSO.

Is *he* the savage who feels others' woes?
Who breaks the captive's bonds, and bids him live?
Is *he* the savage who forgives his foe,
And renders good for ill?—Pardon, methinks
He is the Christian!

PEDRARIAS (*confounded*).

(*Aside.*) I have gone too far—

I will try gentler means.

(*Aloud.*) A Christian, say'st thou?

And has thy friend embraced our holy faith?

ALPHONSO.

The Christian's *deeds* are his.

PEDRARIAS.

Then as a brother

I'll fold the generous Christian to my bosom!
I was too warm, my child; my spirit brook'd not
A heathen should have held my son in bondage,
Nor own'd the debt of gratitude to one
Bending at idols' shrines, with rites abhorr'd.

ALPHONSO.

Pardon, my father, if I have offended.

Oh! now I feel I am thy son again,
For now thou look'st on thy Alphonso kindly,
As in those days of childish happiness,
When, from the heavy cares of state retired,
Thou would'st assume the boy, and share his sports.

PEDRARIAS.

Oh yes; and I would thank the Indian chief
That he restores my boy, as in those days,
Simple, ingenuous, obedient, duteous!

ALPHONSO (*earnestly*).

And art thou grateful to the gentle Indian?
And would'st thou prove it?

PEDRARIAS (*with impatience*).

Yes, I would—I would.

ALPHONSO (*taking his hand affectionately*).

He and his friends ask but to be forgotten.

PEDRARIAS.

Nay, nay; thou would'st not that my miser heart,
Thankless and cold, should hoard its selfish joy.
Come, boy, come, guide me to the Indian Christian,
And let me lock him in a friend's embrace;
The debt were painful should I nought dispense
Of good, for all the mighty good received.

ALPHONSO.

And what canst thou dispense to one above
The idle wants of pride? A little maize

Feasts him, the dimpling brook allays his thirst ;
The palm-tree bowers his bed of reeds, and forms
His canopy of state ; the bank beneath,
Gorgeous in nature's 'broidery, his throne ;
His empire, in a people's love, is vast :
The God he serves—with rites however rude—
A God of Mercy, and how *truly* serves,
Thou know'st.

PEDRARIAS (*impatient*).

'Tis well—yet nam'st thou not thy friend,—
Thy Christian friend,—nor tell'st me his abode.

ALPHONSO.

I cannot. I beseech you, urge it not.

PEDRARIAS (*resuming his anger*).

By thy allegiance, I command thee tell me.

ALPHONSO (*with firmness*).

I owe my king th' allegiance of a subject :
My services are his—my sword—my life !
But there's a secret rectitude within,
Stamp of the soul free-born, that will not own
Control from aught of earth ; nor can a king
Command me that I act the villain's part.

PEDRARIAS.

Ha ! dost thou brave me thus in every way ?
Leagued with the rebel natives to defy
My delegated power ! with impious foot

Trampling on nature's first, most sacred tie
Of filial duty!

[Paces the stage in great agitation.]

Yes—how I have loved thee
Thou know'st, ungrateful boy!—but I—I, too,
Alphonso, can be firm. If, on the moment,
Thou answer not to all I shall demand,
I banish thee for ever from my sight,
Doom thee to wander, with a father's curse,
Among the savages thou hast preferr'd
To him who gave thee being.

ALPHONSO.

Oh, forbear!
Reverse the dreadful sentence thou hast pass'd,
Or take my worthless life.

PEDRARIAS.

Nor fancy thou
I cannot hunt the natives down, and sweep them
From earth, if thou assist not. Would'st attempt
To shield the pensile warbler from the swoop
Of the huge condor that has mark'd his prey?
Thou know'st what I can do when simply led,
Like other men, by thirst of fair renown,
But hast not mark'd Pedrarias' dread career
When urged by sense of wrong—by strong revenge!
Hadst thou but trusted to a father's heart,

It might have pleaded for the man who spared thee.
Look to it now.—Thou—thou would'st have it so.
'T will soon be proved who is most powerful,
Or *thou* to save—or *I* to crush a foe. [Going.

ALPHONSO (*clinging to him*).

Oh stay! my father, stay!—Behold my breast—
Yes, let my blood atone *his* fault who spared it,
And thus made gratitude a crime.

PEDRARIAS.

Away!

Thou know'st how best to prove thy gratitude:
It rests with thee to save thy friend.

ALPHONSO.

Then hear me.

But first—Oh, swear thou never wilt molest
His peace, nor seek his place of refuge—Swear——

[*Aside, perceiving CAPANA's token.*

What am I doing?—Come, thou sacred pledge,
Rouse, in this trying hour, my sinking courage!

[*Aloud, with resignation and firmness.*

I am resolved, and bow me to my fate!

Farewell, my father!

PEDRARIAS.

Then my curse be on thee!

Fly an offended father's presence, rebel!

Hide thee in caverns, far from haunt of man,

Or, in dread loneliness, bleak deserts roam,
Where hope is dead, where pity may not find thee,
Where sound of life is none, nor answering echo
Gives back thy groan in horrid fellowship!
Thy father's heart for ever casts thee off!

ALPHONSO.

Guiltless I go.—But when destruction follows,
As sure it will, e'en thou, though late, may'st prove
A father's anger cannot last for ever. *[Exit.*

PEDRARIAS.

Away! nor think to lull my just resentment.
Foil'd in the object of my glorious labours—
Braved by my child—Told by a beardless boy
The brutish savage was the better Christian!—
Yes, he shall drain repentance' bitter cup
E'en to the dregs!—Away, parental weakness!
I *will* know where the native hordes are hived.
Ten years of bloodshed and of toil are lost,
If in their fastnesses secure they breed,
And swarm forth on us.—But the means—

(Calls off the stage). Hoa, Gusman!

Enter GUSMAN.

GUSMAN.

My gracious lord, what has befallen? Alphonso
In strange disorder—

PEDRARIAS.

From my presence banish'd,
Name not the traitor.

GUSMAN.

Has he not declared
Where rally from defeat the natives?

PEDRARIAS.

No;

With obstinate defiance he persisted,
Nor would betray *his friend*, the *gentle Indian*,
The *Christian*, as it seems.—Ha, baffled thus!
I have it, Gusman—His pretended faith
Shall prove their bane.—Banish'd, he sure will seek
His Indian friends—My spies are skill'd—

GUSMAN.

Yet think,

My lord; each danger, he so late has 'scaped,
Besets Alphonso in his pathless way,
And doubly foil'd if aught of ill befall.

PEDRARIAS.

Ha! doubly foil'd?—'tis true.—But how secure
From peril—and yet free his will perverse
To follow, unsuspecting of the snare?—

GUSMAN.

The slave Zamori; you have proved him faithful;
He has done you service since his chains were lighten'd.

PEDRARIAS.

Yes, as the native tames the baneful snake,
And bids him wind in glossy folds, around
His limbs, innocuous, extracting first
The tooth beneath whose fang the poison lurks—
So to my service the proud slave's subdued.

GUSMAN.

And more ; your son affects him, for that once
From death Zamori rescued him, unconscious ;
He may again avert impending ill——

PEDRARIAS.

And guide his steps ; for, led by nature's self,
The slave will find, instinctive, their retreat.
His very love will give them to my vengeance !
Thanks—thanks, my friend ! I hold Zamori's faith,
For well he knows that thousands of his fellows
Will bleed if he but swerve. 'Twill do—'twill do.
Go, bear my will to my disloyal son ;
With hopes of future favour win Zamori—
Nay, I, myself, will school him to my purpose.
And, mark me—seek thou Perez—send him hither.
To-morrow's sun shall find my plans matured
For future conquest, and for future glory.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.

A Court of the Palace.

A distant View of the Bay—Evening; the Moon rising.

HOUACO enters slowly from one side.

HOUACO.

His wond'rous tale has roused each recollection
That bids me live, while it makes life so bitter.
Oh, my poor countrymen! and ye, dear objects
Of my sad, secret thoughts!—No, nothing—nothing,—
Can ever slacken memory's strong hold!

[ALPHONSO enters from the other side, with folded arms, and lost in thought.]

Alone! I will accost him.—Don Alphonso!

ALPHONSO *(starting from his reverie)*.

Approach, Zamori, for thou art an Indian.

Haply the sight of thee may soothe my soul!

I am o'erwhelm'd by a stern father's curse

For keeping faith with men like thee, Zamori.

HOUACO.

By men like me faith given ne'er was broken.

ALPHONSO.

My faith was given to one so great!—so noble!
To one, whose spirit seems an emanation
From *him* whom darkling he adores unknown!
Yes, given to one, whose gentle sway of love
Is stamp'd by Mercy, and upheld by Justice!

HOUACO.

Yet Justice upon Mercy's bosom slept
When the wrong'd Indian held Pedrarias' son,
And loosed his bonds!

(*With suspicion*). If so indeed it were?

ALPHONSO.

Oh! that I might disburthen my full heart
In any human breast!—I would choose thine.
Ere I departed from my father's court,
Thou know'st I woo'd thy friendship, though in vain.

HOUACO.

I am a slave—the slave can never be
The freeman's friend.

ALPHONSO.

Not so. Can twisted bands,
Or fire-wrought iron, though they bind the limbs,
Subdue the free-born spirit?—Thou art noble.
I would no other friend.

HOUACO.

I am a native

Of this fair land, that reeks beneath my foot
With the dear blood of those I wont to love,
Shed by thy father's unrelenting hand!
And shall *my* soul communion hold with *thine*?

ALPHONSO.

Thou didst, with friendship's own unshrinking hand,
Unwreathe the hooded snake that round my neck
Had wound him in my sleep!

HOUACO.

'Tis true, I did.

But first it chanced, when, as unskill'd, I strain'd
The servile oar, with muscles all unused
To the strait tension, and the rapid current
Of Oronoko seem'd to mock my toil,
Thy father bade his creatures urge with stripes
My fainting strength——
(*Aside, mastering himself*). Be still—be still, my soul!
Thou took'st my place, as 'twere in youthful sport,
And lustily didst buffet with the stream,
While on the oar, amid thy playful speech,
Fell pity's tear!

ALPHONSO.

Then why refuse, Zamori,
The fellowship I court?—'tis nature's self
Draws kindred spirits, and Pedrarias' son
Is dear to one like thee—a noble Indian!

[Takes CAPANA'S token from his bosom, and gazes on it.]

Thou sacred pledge!

HOUACO.

That pledge! or do I dream?

That sacred pledge! [Seizing ALPHONSO roughly.]

Speak—speak, Alphonso, speak!

Or I will tear the secret from thy soul!—

Did *he* who gave thee liberty, give that?

ALPHONSO (*putting him away haughtily*).

Must thou, too, question with imperious tone?

I have withstood a father's sacred claim!

(*Aside.*) “Breathe not the sounds even in an Indian's ear,”

He said.—I must mislead his eagerness.

(*Aloud.*) I found the bauble!

HOUACO (*with trembling anxiety*).

And a mangled corse

Beside it! or, haply, scatter'd bones, that bleach'd

In the rude blast!—Oh! on my knees, I beg,

Tell me the fatal spot, that I may gather

Each honour'd relic to my broken heart!

ALPHONSO (*kindly*).

Pardon, Zamori, that I may not tell

By what dear right this valued pledge is mine.

HOUACO (*shuddering with horror*).

Ha! thou hast slain him, and dost bear his spoils!

ALPHONSO (*with delight*).

No, no.—He lives! he lives, who gave me this.
But wherefore dost thou strain thy eyeballs thus,
With short convulsive heavings?—Who art thou?

HOUACO (*recollecting himself*).

I am thy father's slave.

ALPHONSO.

But ere these chains,
(My heart prophetic throbs) who wert thou?—say!

HOUACO.

This bosom holds its secret too.

ALPHONSO.

Oh, no!

It holds no secret mine does not partake!
Nature's strong impulse bids me clasp thy hand,
And call thee—brave Houaco!

HOUACO (*in ecstasy*).

Yes, 'twas *he*!

'Twas *he* himself who spared thy life!

ALPHONSO.

Thy father,

Capana, gave me life and liberty,
Thou brother of my love! and gave me this.

[*They embrace.*

He bade me not reveal to living being
The place of his retreat. His son, he thought,
Was number'd with the dead.

HOUACO.

And so he is!

The slave Zamori lives.

ALPHONSO.

Capana's son

Thou art, and shalt be!—Yes, I fly to claim

The free enlargement of Capana's son!

HOUACO.

Oh stay, rash youth!

ALPHONSO.

Alas! the sudden joy

Had blotted from my thought all former ill;

My vow—my cruel father's anger—all!

By gratitude debarr'd from grateful deeds,

Oh, am I not, Houaco, most accursed?

To know my benefactor wastes his days

In sorrow, and thus,—thus to hold the means

Of full requital!—hold his happiness

As 'twere within my grasp, nor dare dispense it!

HOUACO.

Young man, misfortune has not school'd thy spirit,

Unmoved, to suffer; to the present senseless,

Thy very being forward borne, with purpose

Intense, deep fix'd, till years bring on the hour

Of retribution, great as was the wrong.

ALPHONSO.

Rear'd in gay luxury, my friend, my youth

Sought but the pleasures of the passing day ;
But when I mark'd thy calm, disdainful, brow
Smiling in tortures, felt how great the conquer'd !—
The conquerors how little !—then my mind
Aspired to emulate the man I honour'd.
That man the son of him who set me free—
To free *him* be henceforth my soul's strong purpose !
By Heaven, it cannot be, that *he*, the father
Who to my infant prayer would yield with smiles,
Should now relentless——

HOUACO.

If he could relent,
Capana must not look on these gall'd wrists :
He has wept me, dead—he must not find new tears
To weep his son enslaved !

ALPHONSO (*eagerly*).

A slave no longer !
For thou with me from Panama shalt fly,
Escaped from chains——

HOUACO.

Might I escape, I would not.
The tyrant's vengeance would with tenfold fury
Fall on my fellow-captives !—No, I would not ;
For while I stand between Pedrarias' rigour
And the poor suffering few his rage has spared,
Methinks it is a last sad duty, owed
By lost Houaco to his father's people !

ALPHONSO.

Thou noble spirit!—Then 'tis mine alone
To seek Capana, and with him concert
To break thy bondage. Thou, meantime, my friend,
Wear this, it will recall his honour'd image.

[*Giving him CAPANA'S token.*]

HOUACO.

No, wear it thou! for no remembrancer
Houaco needs of his poor wandering father,
His butcher'd people, and his wasted country!

Enter GUSMAN.

GUSMAN.

I have sought thee, Don Alphonso, through the palace,
The bearer of thy father's will. [HOUACO *retiring*.

Nay, stay,

Zamori! thy good services are graced:

'Tis thine to follow on Alphonso's fortunes.

Yet one night more within these walls ye rest:

Ere dawn, together—

ALPHONSO.

Together, Gusman! Thanks,
My gracious father! e'en in anger kind!

(*To* HOUACO).

The heavens thou see'st on holy friendship smile!

Come then, thou brother of my heart! The heights

Upheaved before us frown in untamed grandeur,

Our ample heritage! th' o'erarching skies
Our mutual roof! for bolts and bars, our faith!
Then not in lonely deserts shall we roam;
For, with a friend, the wilderness is peopled!
Nor in throng'd cities, nor in soul-less courts,
Is known the full communion of free thought
Man finds with man in native liberty!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.—SCENE I.

*Wild Mountain Scenery. A Palm-tree in the Foreground,
with Fruits placed beneath it.*

ALPHONSO, HOUACO.

HOUACO.

Oh should Pedrarias trace our steps, my friend !
The very thought strikes with a death-like chill
Through all my frame, killing each thought of joy !
Thy father's looks and words when he dismiss'd me,
Guarded—mysterious ! No, 'twas not blind rage
That banish'd a loved son, so lately found !

ALPHONSO.

Thy boding mind too idly shapes vain terrors.
Have we not, wandering thus, pursued a course
Most intricate ? It were impossible !
Ravaged by conquest, the unpeopled plains
Are silent ! Though dark-brow'd, these rocks are
friendly :
Nor hostile e'en the beasts of prey, shunning
Our aspect strange with disregard, not fear.
There is no guile in the primeval haunts

Of nature, still inviolate by man.
Then think, these heights o'erpass'd, how will thy heart
Bound at the sight of the green vale!—thy father!
And her thou lov'st—thy Amazilia! there—
(*Aside*) Yes, I will speak her name without emotion.
She is my friend's! Away the impious thought
That would repine!

HOUACO.

Hast thou e'er lov'd, Alphonso?
Oh no! or thou hadst known love's doubts—love's fears—
That war with joy, unwonted inmate *here*!
And then to meet my Amazilia's eye,
Ere noble deeds efface the blasting traces
Deep stamp'd by slavery!—this is bitterness!

ALPHONSO.

Be cheer'd, and from thy fancy drive these thoughts,
For much they wrong thy gentle Amazilia.

HOUACO.

Thanks—I will strive to think so. Now resume we
Our search for the deep-rifted rock which gives
Admittance to the valley. Friend, we hold,
That on these awful heights, Illapa stores
His vengeful thunders. The stern God himself
Rent the eternal barrier to admit
A fugitive cacique!

ALPHONSO.

'Tis strange, Houaco,
We should have sought in vain the deep ravine
Since early dawn, and now the sun is high.
Methought I noted each o'erhanging cliff,
And yawning gulf, as forth your people led me.

HOUACO.

'T were best despatch that thou the eastern ridge,
And I the western, traverse.

ALPHONSO.

'Tis well thought.
Here part we then awhile—and here ere noon
Meet we again. Beneath this palm, the fruits
Thou, provident, hast gather'd as we journey'd,
Shall furnish forth our banquet.

HOUACO (*going*).

Warily

Observe thy course.

ALPHONSO.

And do thou call, my friend,
From time to time, that we may not be sunder'd.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

Enter AMAZILIA and LAILA.

AMAZILIA.

Oh, Laila! I must lay me down and die,

Such weariness and faintness overcome me :
My trembling limbs refuse to bear their burthen.

LAILA.

Why didst thou press our little store on me,
Refusing still to share it? Why preserve
Thy Laila, if to live bereft of thee?
Alas! our happy vale! Why, Amazilia,
Could'st thou no longer taste our blameless life?

AMAZILIA.

Go ask the bird, why from his wicker prison,
Where unsought plenty courts him ere he hunger,
He seeks to escape.

LAILA.

A prison? Amazilia.

AMAZILIA.

Oh, 'twas a narrow prison to my mind!
My thoughts would range, as the young Christian led,
Beyond the bounds of timid ignorance.

LAILA.

And dost thou call it ignorance to enjoy
The season's gifts in peace and innocence,
Secure from the fierce storms that wreck'd our country?
How lovely Nature in her gentler mood!
It is her pearly dew, her noiseless shower,
That rear the maize, that swell the cocoa's nut,
Which with untoil'd and careless hand we crop.

AMAZILIA.

Dull, vacant ease—insipid sameness—Laila!
That wake not glowing thoughts, nor wing the soul
To soar above the brute creation round us.
The hurricane, majestic in its terrors,
Resistless sweeps our orange groves away,
And marks its awful course by desolation;
Yet roused, as we contemplate power so vast,
We bend before the spirit of the storm
In worship, we forget to pay, when nature
Serenely smiles around. But I would rest.

LAILA.

Beneath this tree the bank is clothed with moss:
Here find repose, while I, among the thickets,
Search for cool berries, or a gushing spring:
Ere long I will return. See! rest thy head
Against the shaded trunk: now, art thou well?
Kind slumbers visit thee! I will not tarry. [*Exit.*]

AMAZILIA (*alone*).

Alas! I cannot rest. My fever'd brain!
Oh that my Laila may but find a spring!
To lave my burning hands were some relief.
I am not well here. Yonder palm, methinks,
Affords more ample shade. [*She removes to the palm.*]

What see I here?
Bananas, yams, and juicy gourds!—Ho, Laila!

Whence comes this boon? Ah! I bethink me now,
Alphonso said, the God of Mercy watched
O'er all his creatures! not a sparrow fell
Without his bidding! [*Kneeling.*]

Oh! Alphonso's God!

Accept my thanks!

Enter ALPHONSO.

ALPHONSO.

I heard a soft complaining—
This way the sound! Eternal Providence!
What angel form before me kneels? 'tis she!

AMAZILIA (*starting up*).

Is it an airy vision?—or art thou
The god, whose hand beneficent has placed
These fruits before me, lest I sink in death?

[*She staggers towards him, and sinks into his arms.*]

ALPHONSO.

Help, heaven! My Amazilia's passing soul
Flutters on her pale lip!—So fair! so sacred!
Perforce these guilty arms—

[*She half recovers, and gazes on him.*]

She breathes! she lives!
Why dost thou gaze so wildly? 'tis Alphonso!

AMAZILIA (*wildly*).

It cannot be that thou of kindred earth

Wast framed ! Thou hast the power to save from death !
Thou hast watched o'er me ! Thou, unseen, hast led
My steps o'er yon proud heights that barr'd my way !
Thy air—thy voice—all—all ! betray thy nature !

ALPHONSO.

Oh be more calm ! These wand'ring thoughts affright me.

AMAZILIA (*more wildly*).

Thou art the spirit that wings the middle air
In gentle breezes ; with assuasive hand
Turning aside Illapa's * angry bolt,
That it may rive the haughty mountain's crest,
And spare the lowly vale !

ALPHONSO.

When last I saw thee,
Thou hadst abjured these idols, false, and vain,
Offspring of fear and ignorance !

AMAZILIA (*more impassioned*).

Then, sure,
Thou art the hope, the love, the gentle pity
Thou told'st me of, embodied in a form
Not of earth's mould ! Thus kneeling—

[*As she is about to kneel he raises her.*]

ALPHONSO.

Rise ! oh rise !
I shudder at thy error, Amazilia.

* The God of Thunder.

Am I not *he* whose life thy goodness saved?
Should I not rather kneel to thee?—and yet
Thou see'st I bend not! Said'st thou not thyself,
When pleading for me to the good cacique,
That by thy lips the God of Mercy spoke?
And might not *he*, by my unconscious hand,
Before thee place these fruits? Human am I,
And frail. Too well I feel it! (*aside*).

But say—Why
To these rude wilds, and to their ruder tenants,
(If such there be), thy virtue all unguarded,
And high estate, thou—inconsiderate!—
Commit'st thy charms?

AMAZILIA.

And have I, then, done ill?

ALPHONSO.

That were not possible! but—thy companions?

AMAZILIA.

I left the valley with no friend save Laila.

ALPHONSO.

Oh heaven! and wherefore didst thou so? rash maid!

AMAZILIA.

It was grown hateful, youth. Within my breast
Something still whisper'd, if I could escape,
I should once more—I pray you, pardon me!

ALPHONSO.

Dear Amazilia!—what is thy offence?

AMAZILIA.

Said'st thou not "dear?" Oh then thou wilt forgive!

ALPHONSO.

What is this mystery? I pray thee speak!

Can Amazilia e'er offend Alphonso?

Did she not soothe his sufferings? save his life?

Oh prove the gratitude too big for utterance!

AMAZILIA.

And wilt thou grant whatever I may ask?

ALPHONSO.

I will! for Amazilia cannot ask

What purest angels would not smiling grant!

[She throws herself at his feet with the wildest enthusiasm.]

AMAZILIA.

Then at thy feet I humbly ask this boon—

That I may follow thee through toil, through danger,

In winter's storms, beneath the burning skies,

In sickness tend thee—when thou sorrowest, weep;

Lull thee when weary, o'er thy slumber watch,

Wait on thy every look—from thy lips learn

Of heavenly wisdom, goodness infinite;

And soar in thought as much above the sphere

That once was mine, as when in night's hush'd hour

I hung upon thy words!

ALPHONSO.

No more! no more!

Oh, let me fly for ever from thy sight,
Thou fair enthusiast! ere a guilty thought
Pollute my faith, and wrong my chosen friend!

AMAZILIA.

Whom should'st thou wrong? I am an orphan, free
From every tie.

ALPHONSO (*in an agony*).

Oh no! thou art not free!

HOUACO (*at a distance*).

Hoa! Alphonso!

ALPHONSO.

That voice! Heard'st thou that voice?
I do beseech thee, generous Amazilia!
If thou would'st save me from despair, from death,
Forget the words that now have pass'd thy lips!
These shapings of distemper'd fancy, trust me,
Thy better reason will disown. Oh yes,
Thou art o'er wearied!

[*Takes her hand as she seems violently agitated.*

This hand burns with fever!

HOUACO (*nearer*).

Alphonso! hoa!

ALPHONSO.

It is Houaco's voice!

Capana's son! my bosom's chosen brother!

Houaco! hoa!—I pray thee be composed.

*Enter HOUACO. AMAZILIA faints, and HOUACO stands
thunderstruck.*

HOUACO.

Ha! Amazilia in Alphonso's arms!

ALPHONSO (*supporting AMAZILIA*).

Approach, Houaco! I have found thy spouse
Thus spent with travel, and with hunger fainting.
Support her thou, and I will bring the fruits,
Our only store. [HOUACO receives her from ALPHONSO.

HOUACO.

Oh! my loved Amazilia!

And can it be thy heavenly form these arms,
These trembling, these poor, chain-gall'd, arms, support?
And shall thy opening eyes behold a slave,
In thy youth's promised husband, Amazilia!
Wilt thou not spurn him?

[*She opens her eyes languidly, looks at him, and
feebly struggles to get from him.*

Shuddering she would break
From my unworthy hold!—Come thou, Alphonso!
For e'en in death she shrinks from my embrace.
Do thou support her.

[ALPHONSO supports, and HOUACO retires dejectedly.
AMAZILIA (*opening her eyes, and finding herself in his
arms*).

I am free, Alphonso!

O'er the wide world I may at pleasure roam :
Who, who shall stay me ?

ALPHONSO.

Oh ! her thoughts are fever'd !
These idle words are fancy's sickly coinage !

AMAZILIA.

Methinks, indeed, I am about to die !
Then wherefore aught disguise of all I feel ?
Houaco, I rejoice that thou still livest !
Thy presence will restore Capana's peace.
Oh may ye both be bless'd ! but 'tis not given
To wretched Amazilia, if she live,
To witness, or to share, your happiness !

HOUACO.

I knew the high-born maid would thus reject
One who had been a slave !

AMAZILIA.

Nay, dear Houaco,
Think not thou art degraded in my eyes
By any chance of war. No, dearer far
Thy sufferings have made thee ; and my heart
Will ever own for thee a sister's love.

HOUACO.

"A sister's love !" Why should'st thou say "a sister's?"
Thou art betroth'd to me ! Canst thou not promise
The love a wife should know ?

AMAZILIA.

My wayward fate

Will have it otherwise.

HOUACO.

What mean these words?

AMAZILIA (*with solemnity*).

I own the Christian's God! the God of Mercy!

Farewell, Houaco! I am dead to thee. [Going.

HOUACO (*stopping her*).

And dost thou fly me?—Whither, Amazilia?

AMAZILIA (*with enthusiasm*).

I follow where Alphonso leads the way!

ALPHONSO (*embarrassed*).

No, she is not herself. Houaco, hear me!

HOUACO (*after a pause of contending passion*).

This is no forgery of sickly fancy!

I see,—too clearly see! Fool that I was

To be thus duped! thus led in triumph hither!

Thou art a Spaniard! son of fell Pedrarias!

And thou canst smile, and flatter, to betray.

I was thy father's slave by right of war,

But did consent to fellowship with thee:

Nor half so low Pedrarias' slave I hold

As false Alphonso's friend!

ALPHONSO (*aside, with effort*).

(Down, down my rage!

Capana's son is to Alphonso sacred!)
No, by my soul, 'tis false! 'tis false, Houaco,
What thou hast thought. My faith to thee is pure.
All lovely as she is, she shall be thine!
And never, never——

AMAZILIA.

Hold! Alphonso, hold!
I never can be thine—too well I know it!
My fancy had not yet distinctly formed
The daring thought! but following thee, it seem'd
I sought the unknown God, whose virtuous lore
Thy heaven-instructed lips were wont to teach!
Thou may'st refuse my proffered service, youth;
But canst not give me to another. Free
I am—and will be!

HOUACO.

Nay, it is well done,
Pedrarias' son! to steal from me her faith,
And now to spurn the maid!

ALPHONSO.

To spurn her?—No.
But to my friend! but to Capana's son!
To yield what most I prize beneath heaven's cope!

AMAZILIA.

“To yield me,” haughty youth! E'en thus our people
Will barter for the tame, domestic Lama,

Gay colour'd shells, or cocoa nuts, her price.

(Turning to HOUACO).

Of noble blood—my father a cacique,
Great as thine own, Houaco! Liberty,
As thine, my birthright! My free-will I claim,
And evermore in solitude will dwell,
Secure, self-guarded! For I know to charm
The baneful snake—the properties have learnt
Of herbs salubrious; and the mystic song
Is mine, to lull the powers of ill that haunt
The mountain caverns, and in storms disport.

(To ALPHONSO).

Farewell, Alphonso! proud as thou, no mate,
No loved companion shall this bosom own!
My fellowship be with the answering rocks;
The winds my counsellors—for who shall share
Those thoughts—those hopes—which thou, youth, thou
alone
Who didst inspire—could'st, worthily, partake?

[She sinks exhausted on the bank; ALPHONSO, terrified, bends anxiously over her.]

Enter LAILA hastily.

LAILA.

My Amazilia, I have found a brook;
The clustering cessus, and papaia fruit—

(*Seeing HOUACO*) But oh! ye pitying heavens! or do
I dream,

Or do I bow to great Capana's son?

HOUACO (*putting her away*).

Leave me, oh leave me! I am nothing, Laila!

Haste thee, kind maid, and aid thy sinking friend.

Ah see! she faints!—and yet thy services

May be, as mine, ungrateful—for behold!

The wily Spaniard o'er his victim bends!

[LAILA *hastens to her assistance, and is anxiously
employed about her with ALPHONSO, without ob-
serving HOUACO.*

And are there ills Houaco has not felt?

What torture new, and strange, and fierce, is this?

Have I not baffled all Pedrarias' rage,

And smiled upon him,—as I had been at ease?

When pierced with wounds, fainting with loss of blood,

While swam all nature in my glassy eyes,

And, on my brow, death hung his last cold dew,

My spirit still held on its even course!

When torn with stripes, (the son of a cacique!)

I bore myself as though I felt them not!

I wearied out my torturers' cruelty,

And thought this iron breast was proof against

The touch of human ill. But this! oh! this

Awakes a pang so keen! it strikes so home!

On chords so tender of the heart! on chords
That neither fortitude nor manhood tempers
To bear a touch so rude!

[After watching them with violent emotion.

The smooth-tongued villain!
He shall not triumph in my woes! I'll hide me
In desert haunts and die!—or rouse my soul
To actions worthy of Capana's son! *[Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Deep Caverns that lose themselves in the Distance.

PEDRARIAS, GUSMAN, and Spaniards.

PEDRARIAS.

Gusman, it was a dreadful night! Methinks
The heavens smile not on our enterprise.
Has Perez seen my son?

GUSMAN.

He has, my lord.

Long practised, in their secret haunts, to hunt
The natives, he, with matchless skill, has traced
The winding way the fugitives pursued.
These caves conceal his trusty band.

PEDRARIAS.

'Tis well.

Our veteran troops where posted?

GUSMAN.

In the rear,
A few hours march, my lord. Refresh'd by rest,
Elate with hope, and burning with impatience,
They wait their conquering chief to lead them on.

PEDRARIAS.

Perez, thou said'st e'en now, had seen my son.
Summon him, Gusman; I will question him.

[*Exit* GUSMAN.]

Thanks that thou yet art safe, my son! What pangs
Have I endured, since from a father's presence
In wrath I banished thee!

Re-enter GUSMAN *with* PEREZ.

Good Perez, welcome.
Thy skill and diligence have well deserved.
How follow'd'st thou Alphonso and the slave?

PEREZ.

My lord, I traced their steps by many signs:
Here, twisted boughs had form'd a hasty bower—
There, lay remains of fruits; beside the rill,
The shells of cocoa nuts had served as goblets.

PEDRARIAS.

And didst thou see Alphonso?

PEREZ.

Yes, my lord:

But two nights since, Zamori and your son,
Beneath a plantain so profoundly slept,
That by the moonlight I could dwell a space
Distinctly on each feature.

PEDRARIAS (*aside*).

Two nights since!

How many chances may two nights involve,
And two long days that have gone by since then!

PEREZ.

E'en now, my lord, I saw Zamori.

PEDRARIAS (*eagerly*).

How?

PEREZ.

Beneath dry leaves, within a thicket laid:
I scarcely breathed.

PEDRARIAS.

And by his side Alphonso?

PEREZ.

Zamori was alone. With alter'd carriage,
He raged—he beat his breast—and, desperate,
On the cold earth he flung himself,

PEDRARIAS.

Spoke he?

PEREZ.

Some words he mutter'd, and methought the tones
Were those of deadly anger—menaces,
As though of vengeance.

PEDRARIAS.

Tones of anger!—menaces!

(*Aside*) Gods! can the slave I deign'd to favour?—Yes,
A Spaniard, and Pedrarias' son, might well
Become the object of Zamori's vengeance!
Retire, good Perez. Gusman, I will follow:
In th' inner cave we will concert our measures.

[*Exeunt* GUSMAN and PEREZ.]

Ungrateful, wayward boy! Thou little know'st
How still the father hangs about this heart!
I would not lose thee, no—for all the wealth
Of either world! But wherefore take th' alarm?
The slave's hand raised against the conqueror's son!
He durst not—no—the thought is idle—vain.
Besides, Alphonso had his sword!—No more—
These fears might better suit a trembling mother,
Than one, who, heaven commission'd, seeks new worlds,
Sets on their shores his foot, and stamps them his!

[*He follows* GUSMAN and PEREZ *into the further
caverns.*]

ACT IV.—SCENE I.

The first Mountain Scenery.

ALPHONSO, AMAZILIA.

ALPHONSO.

Forget me, hate me, lovely Amazilia;
And let me fly, and yield me to despair. [Going.

AMAZILIA.

Whither?—Whither?

ALPHONSO.

Where I may never more
Behold thy fatal charms!

AMAZILIA (*with desperation*).

Nay, if thou dost,
I will not live!—No, by yon Heaven, I will not!
An Indian knows a thousand ways to death,
No death so frightful as were life without thee.

ALPHONSO (*after gazing on her earnestly*).

I dare not trust my eyes—thy every look
Exerts a several destructive power!

AMAZILIA.

Kill me, if I am in my nature hurtful!
Kill me! but fly me not—Yet wherefore hurtful?
My heart goes forth to every thing that lives
With kindest will. I would not crush the reptile
E'en though it stung me. Am I then more cruel
Than venom'd reptiles? for they spare their kind,
But I, thou say'st, injure whom most I love.

ALPHONSO.

Nay, nay; it is involuntary wrong!—
Alas for poor Houaco! slavery, tortures,
Were powerless to dash his bosom's firmness.
Thy scorn alone could break that noble spirit.

AMAZILIA.

I do not scorn Houaco. Must I wed
One whom I cannot love—as now I feel
This heart *can* love?
(*With enthusiasm*). Oh yes! it would revere
Its object, as above the human race;
And, hanging on his words, his looks, would catch
A new soul, and new hopes, and glorious thoughts!

ALPHONSO (*aside*).

Oh gratitude! Oh friendship! bar each sense!

AMAZILIA.

Alas! and can I honour thus Houaco?
Returning from the battle, if he bear

An hundred scalps of those his hatchet slew ;
If on his steps, when crown'd with victory,
His fellow creatures manacled attend,
To bleed before the altars of our gods ;
Say, shall these eyes, by thee unseal'd to truth,
Behold with sympathy that husband's triumph ?
If thou would'st doom me to a fate like this,
Oh ! why dispel the darkness of my soul,
And break upon me, as Heaven's glorious beam
Darts through the mountain chasm, by lightnings rent,
Awaking life and joy, where since creation
Darkness, and silence, and inaction dwelt ?

ALPHONSO.

Dear, lost enthusiast !—Curse ! Oh, curse the hour
I led thy glowing fancy——

AMAZILIA.

Hold ! for mercy !

Curse not the gleam of bliss this heart has caught,
To sweeten the long life of misery
To which thou doom'st it now !

(*With sudden earnestness*). But whence the law ?—
Haply of some more cruel God than ours
Thou hast not told of yet ;—for not of nature
The law that bids thee give me to Houaco.

ALPHONSO.

Friendship, and gratitude——

AMAZILIA.

Hast thou no friendship?

Hast thou no gratitude for Amazilia?

Must all—all be Capana's and his son's?

Thou said'st I saved thy life—have they done more?

And do they love thee, honour thee as much?

ALPHONSO (*after a conflict*).

Believe me, Amazilia, this poor life

Has worth but as thy gift! and for thy sake

To lay it down were joy! but thus to live!

Oh no! thy sweetness *cannot*—*must* not guess

The torturing force stern honesty exerts

To rule this breast; for might I loose the curb

Of headlong passion, at full bliss to aim,

What were it, think'st thou, but to see *thee* ever,To claim *thy* tenderness, to call thee mine!

AMAZILIA.

Thine—thine I am! the fates have will'd it so!

'Tis nature's strong decree! 'tis Heaven's! 'tis virtue's!

ALPHONSO.

Hold! Hold!—Does virtue bid us seek delight

Reckless of all beside? I to Houaco

Have sworn a brother's faith—to *him* thy father

Gave thee!—He lives! and I, with holy love,

Must honour thee as my Houaco's wife!

[*A pause of consternation.*]

Shall we, who boast of Christian virtues, own

A thought, a wish, so selfish, and so base,
As our own bliss by his destruction purchased?
Nay, is there bliss for them who know remorse?
And what remorse were ours!

AMAZILIA.

No more, Alphonso!
Thy awful words confound th' astonish'd sense,
Yet woo my trembling soul to higher thoughts
Than e'en—the heaven I dream'd—to live for thee!
Say—were I—by such self-devotion, stamp'd
A being worthy of *thy* fellowship?
Of *thy* regard? to *thee* a kindred spirit?

ALPHONSO.

Thy matchless virtue were as far above
My humbler aim, as are thy matchless charms
Above the sum of loveliness dispensed
To all thy sex beside; and I should live
(If live—I—must) to honour—to adore!

AMAZILIA.

Firm as thyself in virtue's path, Alphonso,
Thou shalt admire, and wonder at thy victim.
See, at thy feet I welcome wretchedness!

[*With profound resignation.*]

I am Houaco's wife!

ALPHONSO (*aside*).

(Oh! dreadful sounds!

'Tis agony I feel that should be joy!)

I thank thee, Amazilia; yes, I thank thee,
With fervor, as when pleading for my life
Thy angel tongue preserved me!—

(Turning from her). Spare me now!

Let me not look on thee!—I pray thee go.
Thy Laila waits thee, and thy happy lord
Claims thee—his own!—(Stern honour, holy friendship,
Blot out the madd'ning thoughts that rise!)

(As she approaches meekly). Oh! leave me!

I do beseech thee, leave!—in pity leave me!

[AMAZILIA goes submissively and dejectedly.

Accept the sacrifice, my benefactor!
I, who might fold her to my burning bosom,
Yet, for her thousand, thousand glowing charms,
Embrace despair!

*[Throws himself on the bank, then starting up with
horror.*

It is my father's curse,
Wretch that I am, pursues me to the end!
Shun me, Houaco! Shun me, Amazilia!
I bear destruction wheresoe'er I go!
With deadly influence, as the baleful mildew,
O'er the young harvest of your loves I pass'd,
That but for me (the winter fled) had been
Fair ripening now beneath a smiling sky.

[He sinks on the bank in despair.

SCENE II.

A different and wilder Part of the Mountains.

HOUACO *alone.*

Ye angry Gods, by my forefathers worshipp'd,
How terrible ye crowd upon my soul!
What spoke your thunders, rolling o'er my head,
Through the black vault of night? Your fiery bolt
Flashing on the lithe rattlesnake that lay
Coil'd at my feet?—They spoke thy will, Illapa,
Demanding thus thy victim at my hands,
And imaging, in the insidious serpent,
The Spaniard who has stung me to the soul.
My father wrong'd thee, vengeful Deity!
Of blood, thy due; and I, more guilty still,
Won by Alphonso's blandishments, forgot
The hate, the deep unconquerable hate,
I vow'd to fell Pedrarias' race—Nay, more,
Gave him the friendship of an honest heart,
And lent my easy ear to his smooth words,
While joy and hope won softly on my soul:
Joy—the attendant of the thoughtless child,
And hope—that waits on fools!

[THELASCO and a troop of Indians are seen approaching among the rocks.

THELASCO.

All powerful Heaven!

Or does a wreathing vapour mock my sight,
Or art thou from the land of spirits come
To warn us of impending ill?—Oh stay!
Whate'er thou be, thou seem'st Capana's son,
And thus my heart acknowledges the semblance.

[*Bowing down before him.*

HOUACO (*starting from his reverie*).

Friend of my youth! my father's friend! Thelasco!

[*Embraces him.*

How fares it with the good Cacique, Capana?

THELASCO.

He lives! and in his son restored, is happy.

Come, let me lead thee to him.

HOUACO.

Stay, Thelasco!

Oh stay! I am not yet prepared; thou see'st

How the firm temper of my soul is shaken!

Think not the ills our cruel foes inflicted

E'er moved me thus!—'Tis *here*, Thelasco, *here*

[*Beating his breast.*

It rankles e'en to madness.—Yesterday—

Oh! yesterday!—

THELASCO.

Forget the pass'd day's ill:

Think of to-day! th' auspicious day that brings thee,
After two years of sorrow for thy loss,
To share our happiness, thy father's gift!

HOUACO (*not attending to him*).

Virtues fantastical!—By Christians dream'd!
Ye are vain names! flowers that wreathe the dagger
They plunge into our breasts!
(*To THELASCO, eagerly and wildly*). Valour in war,
And fortitude that tortures cannot shake—
Say—are not these the virtues of the Indian?
Revenge, if wrong'd, his duty and his solace?
Is it not so, Thelasco?

THELASCO (*astonished*).

Surely, so!

But wherefore hang dark thoughts upon thy mind
When all is joy? Each social bliss awaits thee;
A people's welcome—friendship—love!

HOUACO (*with a bitter laugh*).

Ha! ha!

[*Then falling into his former melancholy.*

I have no friend, Thelasco!—Idle love
Is for the fortunate!

THELASCO.

As thou shalt be!

HOUACO (*not attending to him*).

Had I nor eyes, nor ears? Where were my senses?
Did he not falter? did he not turn pale,
Oft as I named the maid? And when I told
How to my arms, when yet a sportive child,
Her dying father gave her, he exclaim'd,
“Oh! tie indissoluble! sacred!” clasping
His trembling hands; then, starting, blush'd, and smiled;
And on the sudden all was calm, serene,
As smooth hypocrisy's own brow!—Fool! fool!

[*Striking his forehead, and relapsing into his
thoughtful posture.*]

THELASCO (*alarmed, to the Indians*).

My friends, the heavy ills our chief has known
Prey on his wounded spirit: wild disorder
Oft waits on thought intense in noble minds.
Bear the glad tidings that Houaco lives
To all around. Summon our people straight
In joyous bands, with festive song and dance,
To welcome home Capana's warlike son.

(*To* HOUACO).

[*The Indians go.*]

In yon deep-bosom'd glen, 'mong beetling rocks,
Dwell the surviving few of the young band
That follow'd thee in thy first days to battle.
There, sorrowing for thy loss, in gloomy caves
They hang their idle hatchets, till they hear

Thy voice, Houaco! thy awakening voice!
Rousing them from their sad inglorious ease,
To lead them forth.

HOUACO.

Ha! *there* again thou strikest!
My youthful band of friends!—Oh, hide me from them!
They still are free, and on their native mountains
Share with the savage of the wilds his prey;
They ne'er felt chains!—Oh, no! Thelasco, no!
'Tis not the slave must lead the freeman forth!

*Troops of Indians advance from among the rocks, with
festive garlands, &c.*

CHORUS OF NATIVES.

Is the patriot chief restored?
He whom India's sons deplored,
He who sank on slaughter's field,
Where new forms of death appal;
He who bade us bleed and fall,
Nobly fall—but never yield!

CHOSEN BAND OF WARRIORS.

A people's vow
Has won our leader from the tomb!
His sadden'd brow,

Hung with dark affliction's gloom,
Shall smile again beneath the victor's meed,
And hail! with transport hail! his injured country freed!

CHORUS OF NATIVES.

Bearing on with hope elate,
From his beaming eye flash'd fate!
He th' avenger's work began,
The spell of panic terror burst;
And his daring hatchet first
Proved the invader was but man!

BAND OF WARRIORS.

To yield the breath,
And give to dust the mangled frame,
This is not death!
It is the warrior's birth to fame!
On! to the field of glory lead again,
And drive the invader back,—back to the guilty main!
[*The Indians crowd around HOUACO with wonder,
joy, and affection.*]

LASCALA.

Noble Houaco! thy return brings joy,
Brings hope, brings life, to every Indian warrior!

Bliss to our great Cacique! But I—I, too,
Had sons I loved! to war with the invader
They follow'd thee. Trembling I ask their fate.

HOUACO.

Lascale, the brave youth who bore thy name,
Beneath his hatchet saw a Spaniard fall,
Ere to the land of spirits he was welcomed
By his forefathers.

LASCALA.

Oh! had I died so!

[He is lost in grief, while an old woman comes forward.]

WOMAN.

And at thy feet I ask my Zama's fate:
Zama, from whose strong arm the arrow sped
Unerring in the chase.

HOUACO.

Nor err'd in war.

But the forged thunders of th' invading foe
More fatal sped, alas!

WOMAN.

Ah me, my boy!

And shall he never more, at evening's close,
Bear homeward from the mountain's side the prey
To cheer our cabin hearth? And shall Nayati,
His faithful wife Nayati, never more——

HOUACO.

Ha! *faithful*, say'st thou? Was Nayati *faithful*?
She shall be honour'd above all her sex!
Let her be crown'd—be led in triumph hither!
I thought there was no faith in womankind;
There is, it seems—there is—but not for me—
Houaco only is to no one dear.

THELASCO (*aside*).

How strange his words!

LASCALA (*with trembling anxiety*).

But say my Azlan lives;
One lives, at least, to close his father's eyes.

HOUACO.

He lives——

LASCALA.

He lives? and follows not thy steps?

HOUACO (*with bitterness*).

He lives; and shares the fate—the bitter fate—
Of great Capana's son.

[*He bares his wrist, and shows it to LASCALA.*]

LASCALA.

These marks, Houaco,
What may they mean?

HOUACO (*with the utmost bitterness*).

Chain'd!—manacled!—a slave!
Capana's son has lived!

LASCALA.

Say'st thou "has lived?"

And has th' invader bound e'en mighty Death
To do his will? Can Death no longer free
The man who will not live?

HOUACO.

To die, old man,
Were easy, as 't were sweet. The very weeds
Our careless footsteps bruise, with juices teem
Will loose from life. 'T were but to have refused
A little maize, and I had slept the sleep
Th' invader could not break: but sweet revenge
Had then been lost! Who would not live, Lascala,
And shake off death, e'en though within his grasp,
Nay, snatch at life with strong convulsive fondness,
Whose country's wrongs, whose private injuries,
For vengeance call?

LASCALA.

There spoke Capana's son.

Yes, we will follow thee where vengeance leads,
And free my Azlan.

HOUACO.

Stay, Lascala—stay!

Vengeance is slow. I, to Capana, must
Unfold the deep and secret means, nor strike
Till sure the blow. Thy Azlan's self would bleed
Were this hand rash.

(*To THELASCO*). Valiant Thelasco,
Lend me that weapon in thy girdle fix'd.

[*THELASCO hesitates.*

Yes, Amazilia had been faithful too,
But for the potent spells these treach'rous men
Have foully wrested from mysterious nature.
Give me that weapon, and await me here;
Anon I will return with new life fraught,
And freer thoughts. I cannot yield my soul,
E'en to my country's claims, my father's love,
Till I have satisfied a private duty
Of strong imperious urgency. The weapon!
Give it, Thelasco, to my eager grasp.

THELASCO.

Take it, and may'st thou plunge it to the hilt
Where I would see it buried!

[*HOUACO rushes out with the dagger—THELASCO
watches him.*

With eagle speed,
By godlike vengeance wing'd, see how he darts
From cliff to cliff. We at a distance, friends,
Will follow on his steps, to grace his deeds,
Or, if aught ill befall, to give him aid.

[*Exeunt, with music, as they entered.*

SCENE III.

ALPHONSO *lying on the bank where he had thrown himself in despair*—LAILA *behind him scattering weeds around his head, unobserved by him. He sinks to sleep, and she comes gently forward.*

LAILA.

At length a dull, and drowsy torpor steals
O'er his torn bosom: such the lulling virtue
Of this pale weed, whose chilly blossom shrinks
From the fierce glare of day, expanding wide
To the moist moon, that nightly brims its cup
With vapours dank, of power to lock each sense,
And lap the limbs in motionless repose.—
Soft—soft!—methought he moved.

[She scatters more weeds.

Deep sleep be on thee!

Thou creature of another world, beyond
The vast, and terrible ocean!—Thou, so noble!
And yet, so fatal!—Slumbers deep be on thee!
While I (so prosper Heaven my true affection!)
Seek the deluded, desperate Amazilia,
Win back her faith to him, her destined husband,
And to our peaceful valley lure her steps. *[Exit.*

Enter HOUACO, not seeing ALPHONSO.

HOUACO.

Yes, yes,—I will avenge my country's wrongs!
Appease the Gods of India! claim my wife!
And, more than all, pierce fell Pedrarias' breast!
Wring from him, pang by pang, and groan by groan,
Th' atonement of each several broken heart,
That drags out life upon this ruin'd land!
The thought awakes a dark, and sullen joy,
Worthy of him who *was* Capana's son—
Blasted by slavery, and to glory lost.

[Turning to go, sees ALPHONSO.]

Thanks, ye immortal powers! who thus present
The sacrifice to th' injured Godhead due!

[He contemplates him.]

How still his slumbers! And can treachery sleep?
How calm and open is his brow! Has guile
So fair a habitation? It has—it has—
And *shall* not lurk beneath a form so gracious,
To lure th' unwary to destruction. Thus——

[Going to strike.]

Why shakes my coward hand? It is a deed
Of highest virtue!—pleasing to our Gods!—
I will not shrink——

[Advancing resolutely, and removing the garment from ALPHONSO's breast, starts back.]

The pledge of amity
My father gave him, shields the very spot
Where I would strike!

[Returning with assumed resolution.]

I must remove it.—No—
I dare not!—no——

[Trembles, and drops the dagger.]

Capana guards thy life!

ALPHONSO *(starting up)*.

Is it a joyous vision? or, indeed,
Do I again behold my lost Houaco?

HOUACO.

Alphonso, thou behold'st thy murderer!
But that this hand has fail'd.—That sacred pledge
Stood between thee and death!

ALPHONSO *(affectionately)*.

Thou rav'st, Houaco.

Come to my bosom!—Art thou not my friend?

HOUACO.

Stand off, false Spaniard!—Bind these limbs with
chains!

Give to the rack (if thou would'st live secure)

Th' assassin of the tyrant's guiltier son!

But I will brave thy rage, and scorn thee still!

ALPHONSO (*seeing the dagger on the ground*).

Too true ;—this fatal weapon proves thy words.

This have I not deserved of thee, Houaco !

And thou shalt feel it, if thou hast a heart !

Did I not swear to thee a brother's love ?

[*Extending his arms affectionately towards him.*

The brother's part is ever to forgive.

Oh then forget with me that thou hast wrong'd me.

[*Taking his hand.*

HOUACO (*confounded, turning away*).

What powerful magic in his words o'ercomes me ?

Can he, unmoved, thus grasp his murderer's hand,

Nor aught of anger, aught of fear betray ?

What hinders that I seize again yon weapon,

And plunge it in his bold, unguarded bosom ?

What hinders ?—but that it were easier far

To bury it, and my confusion—*here !*

[*Striking his breast.*

ALPHONSO.

Combat no longer with thy better feelings !

Let thy heart speak, and, ere I clear myself,

'Twill bid thee rest thy head upon this bosom !

[HOUACO, overcome, throws himself on ALPHONSO's
bosom.

I am content.—Thy honour trusts in mine !

Be cheer'd ;—brush off that tear, and meet with smiles

Thy Amazilia.—Her unalter'd faith
Shall prove my truth.—Houaco, I can suffer,
E'en as thyself, unmoved!

HOUACO.

Canst thou, Alphonso,
Canst thou forgive the headlong rage that arm'd
This hand against thy life?

ALPHONSO.

'Tis not remember'd.
Blot from thy mind alike——But see—she comes—
Be blest in her thou lov'st—'tis all I ask.
Let me conceal this weapon from her eyes.

[Conceals the dagger in his bosom.]

Now all is well.—Resume thy tranquil mind.

Enter AMAZILIA in great agitation, breaking from

LAILA.

AMAZILIA.

Refuse me not to speak one last farewell!—
Houaco here!—in friendly conference!
Then am I lost indeed!—Their bond of union
Too well, too well I know—my wretchedness!—
Instruct me, Laila, to pronounce my doom!
And oh! Alphonso's God! support my courage!

*[She advances with great effort, and throws herself
at HOUACO's feet.]*

Low at thy feet, behold thy wife, Houaco!

Thou, pardon the involuntary error

Of one, restored to duty—and to thee!

HOUACO (*raising her, and pressing her to his bosom*).

Oh! spare me, Amazilia! lest my brain

Support not all the joy that breaks upon me!

(*To ALPHONSO*).

Thou, before whom I bend with soul subdued,

Disdain not the full triumph of thy goodness.

The virtues *I* have prized are savage Nature's—

Thine are from Heaven!

ALPHONSO.

Oh! no more—no more—

'Tis time that good Capana share our joy.

THELASCO *and Indians approach in joyous procession.*

They stop suddenly with astonishment and terror on seeing ALPHONSO. THELASCO fixes his eyes on him with a menacing expression. The Indians seize their bows, and wait the signal to shoot.

HOUACO (*placing himself between ALPHONSO and the Indians*).

My friends! my countrymen! replace your arrows.

This is the godlike youth Capana spared!

The Indian's friend!—Behold my father's pledge!

[Pointing to the pledge. They drop their bows, and replace their arrows.]

To him I owe my liberty!—to him—

That I again thus clasp, my bosom's treasure!

(To THELASCO.)

I was deceived, Thelasco,—thou shalt learn

How much I, to the generous Spaniard, owe!

THELASCO *(aside, after an expression of cold assent)*.

What magic drugs, what herbs of potent juice

Yield the strong spells that guard this wily Spaniard?

At his approach the God of Vengeance flies!

Th' uplifted weapon slackens in the grasp,

And every heart, with strange unwonted softness,

Gives its full confidence!

HOUACO.

Lead on, my friends.

Within your deep retreat a little space

We will repose:—this tender frame, o'ertoil'd,

Requires short respite.—Amazilia, say,

Shall it be so?

AMAZILIA.

Thy will, henceforth, is mine.

[HOUACO, THELASCO, and Indians, move off in triumph, among the rocks at the back of the stage, AMAZILIA looking mournfully at ALPHONSO as]

HOUACO *leads her away.* ALPHONSO *lingers behind, in great agitation.*

ALPHONSO.

Repose!—delay!—And must I, drop by drop,
Dwell on the deadly draught myself prepared?
Oh, that Time wore the driving Tempest's wing,
Whose headlong sweep might leave no pause for thought,
Till to Capana I restore his son,
And in *his* happiness find peace—or die!

[*Exit, following.*

The Scene closes on them.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

Scene among the Rocks, with a distant View of the Valley.

ALPHONSO and HOUACO.

ALPHONSO.

Yes, all is well. Now seek we Amazilia,
Where late we left her with the mountain band?

HOUACO.

No, she is more secure in that retreat
With those who followed on my youthful steps.
The mountain lama could not footing hold
On yon steep crags: the spoiler cannot find
The well conceal'd and only access thither.
My treasure's safe. We are not yet assured
Whence was the clamour, as of hostile tongues,
That broke, by fits, the stillness of the night.

ALPHONSO.

We have discovered nought that may confirm
Thy fears, Houaco. Trust me, all is well.
The sounds thou heard'st were, sure, imprison'd winds:
They, in deep caverns pent, will chafe in tone,
That, by each rock repeated, much resemble
The brawling of rude tongues. Away with doubt!

And from this cliff, as from the eagle's nest,
Behold the wished for valley spread below.
Within an hour thou wilt embrace thy father.—
Give all thy soul to gladness!

HOUACO.

Oh! Alphonso,
In this long-saddened heart joy cannot harbour
But as the flash that o'er the stormy sky
Darts amid rolling thunders, and again
'Tis darkness all! Alas! with sad forebodings
Shuddering, I seek the vale.

[He looks anxiously about. Distant cries are heard.]

And hark! Those sounds
Are not the busy stir of peaceful life:
No—nor the voice of gratulation. Hah!
The din of war rings thus upon the ear,
Or shouts of fierce pursuit.

ALPHONSO.

Forbid it, heaven!
And yet thy terror has infected me.
(*Listening*) Now all is still again. It were impossible!
Thou know'st the dreadful thought—I dare not speak it.
But say—oh say—it is impossible!

HOUACO.

And hark, again! Heard'st thou that hideous yell?
It grows upon the ear. It must be so!

ALPHONSO.

If it be so, I by thy side will fall,
And dearly sell each drop of my heart's blood
For India's injured sons. No—save his father's,—
No Spaniard's breast is sacred to Alphonso.

[*Drawing his sword.*]

HOUACO.

Yes, that same dagger shall redeem its guilt.
Oh, give it me, and thou shalt see how strong
Against an iron host, a single arm,
Nerved as Houaco's, by a cause so dear—
My father! and my people! and my wife!
Give—give the dagger!

ALPHONSO.

Take it; but first swear
Thou wilt not aim it at Pedrarias' breast.

HOUACO.

Nay, take it back again, if such the terms.

ALPHONSO (*baring his breast*).

Then once more point it *here*! I will remove
Capana's cherished pledge, and give it way!
Or plunge it *here*, or say my father's sacred.

HOUACO.

And wherefore, think'st thou, I have suffer'd life?
For two long years have dragged th' invader's chains?
Born to command, protect, and lead a people,

Have bowed this body to the servile oar?
Wherefore did I reject thy fellowship,
Till driven from his presence, cursed by him,
My heart forgot thou wert Pedrarias' son?
Wherefore all this?—but that I hoped to quaff
The cup of sweet revenge! E'en now 'tis mine,
The luscious draught! and shall my lips refuse it?

ALPHONSO.

[Nearer cries are heard.]

The foe is on us! I will trust in friendship!
Take thou the dagger to defend *thy* father:
This sword must guard the author of my days
E'en against *thee*! for not to parricide,
Although to treason doom'd by holiest ties,
Each crimson drop that swells within these veins
Must flow for good Capana and his people!

*Indians pass across the stage pursued by Spaniards.
ALPHONSO and HOUACO rush upon the Spaniards,
and presently drive them back. The Indians gather
round ALPHONSO and HOUACO, full of joy and
wonder.*

ALPHONSO.

Yes, Indians, yes—ye see Capana's son!
Restored by Heaven to save you from your foe!
Behold in *me* the Spaniard your cacique

Released from death! both to your service vowed:
By nature *he!*—and *I* by gratitude!
On! follow us to liberty and vengeance!
But mark me, friends; dismiss the well-aim'd shaft,
Then instant turn, nor grapple with th' invader.
Keep still aloof—surround him—harass him;
Be swift—be indefatigable.—On!—
[*Exeunt with expressions of ardour and joy.*]

SCENE II.

The Valley, with the Altar, Throne, &c.

PEDRARIAS and Spaniards pursued by HOUACO and
Indians. PEDRARIAS recognises HOUACO, and turns.

PEDRARIAS.

Is it the slave Zamori's daring hand
Against Pedrarias raised? Stand! Indian, stand!
[*They for a moment contemplate each other.*]
This blade shall give thee back thy forfeit life,
So thou declare where thou hast left Alphonso!

HOUACO.

Tyrant, come on! nor parley with thy foe!
See, in Zamori, great Capana's son!
The chains that have disgraced these free-born limbs,

My father's wrongs, my country's desolation,
Render this little weapon swift, and sure,
And terrible as the avenger's thunder!
Thousands of slaughter'd Indians hovering breathe
Their spirits in my soul, and guide my hand!

[They close and struggle. HOUACO disarms PEDRARIAS, and drops the dagger in the conflict; casts PEDRARIAS on the ground, and setting his foot on his breast, points his own sword at it.]

Lie there, thou fell destroyer of my people!
Where are thy conquests now? thy power, thy greatness?
I met thee man to man, and there thou liest!
Beneath my foot I might crush out thy spirit,
And rid my groaning country of its tyrant!
One motion of this hand and thou art nothing—
A name!—a sound!—to future ages hateful,
E'en of its terrors stript! But to Alphonso!
The son thy rage has cursed—I give thy life!

[He rushes out with PEDRARIAS's sword, leaving his dagger on the ground.]

PEDRARIAS.

Am I a Spaniard?—he a savage Indian?
Oh for swift lightnings, earthquakes, hurricanes,
To raze this new found world from out existence,
And thus from record blot the conqueror's shame!
Thousands on thousands withering curses blast thee,

Insolent slave! Curst be this arm! and curst
My dotard weakness! for not Pedrarias—no—
The *father* 'twas, whose edgeless sword dropt, palsied
By the base slave's evasion, when I asked
Of my lost son. But hold! Alphonso lives!
Let me but find him, from the Indians tear him,
Then ruin—slaughter—utter devastation
Rage on, and feed insatiable revenge!
But who are these? shall they behold me thus?
Ha! the slave's dagger!—it may do me service.

[*Takes up the dagger, and conceals it in his breast.*]

*Enter GUSMAN and Spaniards with CAPANA and Indians
captives.*

GUSMAN.

My lord, behold the proud cacique, Capana!
Thus victory is ours, although Alphonso,
(Whom, were he not thy son, I might term traitor),
Has raised his sword against his countrymen,
Mowing them down with wild resistless rage,
To rescue from our hands this savage chief.

PEDRARIAS (*with great anxiety*).

And did my people turn their arms against him?
Who followed him?—Where is he?—say, how was it?

GUSMAN.

The frantic natives thronging on his steps,

With hurtling arrows darken all the air,
That even our veterans, appalled, shrink back,
Or fall, ere they have marked the coming death !
In firm array, if we advance, behold,
As formless spirits of the night, they vanish !
And on the right, or left, or in the rear,
Gathering again, they deal their dole of death,
And quick disperse as soon. Doubtful, astonished,
Where'er thy son appeared our soldiers fled !
Nor had I held my prisoner from the rescue,
But that I pointed at his breast my sword !

PEDRARIAS.

Haste, Gusman, haste ! Command that they respect
The viceroy's son, nor harm him, on their lives !
But, if it may be done, secure Alphonso,
And bring him to my presence strongly guarded.

[*Exit* GUSMAN.

(*To* CAPANA). And do I then behold the proud cacique,
Whose vain resistance has destroyed his people ?

CAPANA.

Thou see'st a chief who for his people lived :
A man who fought for native liberty.

PEDRARIAS (*with the utmost bitterness*).

Thou hoary savage ! skilled in hellish arts !
Thou who hast wrought upon a noble Spaniard
To mock at filial piety, and fall

From due allegiance to his sovereign lord !

CAPANA.

Tyrant, I gave thy son his forfeit life,
Because I pitied *thee*!—and for this weakness
Our Gods have justly now deserted me.
But answer thou.—Was it thy treacherous son
Who led thee hither? For the damned act
But ill accords with these his deeds in arms.
Say, must my latest breath, or curse, or bless him?

PEDRARIAS.

How may it aught import Pedrarias' son,
The idle words a dying savage breathes?

CAPANA.

If right I judge, the youth whose life I spared,
Capana's dying curse may much import him.

PEDRARIAS.

Nay, curse him not, old man ! Thou hast no cause—
He bears a curse this heart would fain recall.

CAPANA.

Ha ! is it so ? Then will Capana bless him !

PEDRARIAS.

Dost thou insult a conqueror, whose nod
May doom thee to such tortures as appal
Humanity ?

CAPANA.

No tortures can appal

Capana's spirit ! In this time-worn frame
Kind Nature has, with gentle hand, unravelled
Her own work, till there is little left for thee
To mar with violence. Few strokes are needed
To level with the dust the leafless trunk ;
While the majestic palm, in youth's full honours,
Wearies the woodman.

*ALPHONSO rushes wildly in, followed by HOUACO, and
throws himself at CAPANA'S feet.*

ALPHONSO.

Oh my benefactor !
Thus let me expiate, at thy feet, my folly !
That I am guiltless, thy Houaco knows.

*[Presenting HOUACO to him, who throws himself
into his father's arms, and they remain engrossed
with each other.]*

PEDRARIAS.

Confusion ! Is it at Capana's feet
Pedrarias' son should kneel, when in the presence
Of an offended father ? Turn, rash boy !
" A father's anger may not last for ever,"
If meek remorse, and duteous thoughts, succeed
Thy fatal dereliction !

ALPHONSO.

Duteous thoughts

This breast has ever own'd! Remorse, my father,
Alphonso knows not! He has not betray'd
His noble benefactor, and his friend;
But, ruin'd with them, will partake their doom.

PEDRARIAS.

The flames are kindling will reduce thy friends
To idle air, and dust that I may trample.

ALPHONSO (*to CAPANA*).

Disdain not thou my fellowship in death,
My more than father! [*Embracing his knees.*]

PEDRARIAS (*aside*).

Oh! impotence of rage!

CAPANA (*making a group with ALPHONSO, and HOUACO*).

Unhappy tyrant! object of my scorn!
I mock the power thou boastest o'er my life!
For what import a few convulsive throbs,
That set at large a spirit fraught with joy,
With love, with triumph, thou canst never know!
See, I embrace my noble, long-lost son,—
Nay, more—the captive youth my heart adopted,
With filial tenderness, would die with me;
While thou, who doom'st me to devouring flames,
Enviest thy victim!—I could *pity* thee,
But that to pity *thee* offends our Gods.

[*Embracing them both.*]

My children dear alike!

PEDRARIAS (*frantic with rage*).

Has hell worse pains?

By *him* adopted—to *his* bosom prest—

A savage, by the right of war my slave!—

I cannot wait the slow consuming flame,

My sword—— [*Grasping the empty scabbard.*

HOUACO (*haughtily*).

Thy sword no longer, but thy conqueror's!

Has wash'd away its guilt in Spanish blood.

PEDRARIAS.

Zamori too?—Worse hell!

[*Recollecting the dagger in his bosom.*

Hah! thoughtless slave,

Thyself didst furnish to my rage the serpent

Shall sting thee home!—Die, hoary villain,—die!

[*Rushes to stab CAPANA, when ALPHONSO interposes his breast, receives the stroke, and falls on his father's neck.*

ALPHONSO (*after a pause*).

My father! Oh my father,—yes, I thank thee.

This stroke is merciful,—is kind.—It gives

The only good that now thy son could know—

To die for him, my benefactor!—Oh!

If ever I was dear to thee, my father,

Let not thy son lay down his life in vain.

This blood, that flows thus freely—gladly flows—

At the strong call of gratitude—is thine!
See—on *thy* breast it falls!—Oh! let it not
There stagnate!—rather swell, as kindly dews,
The latent germ of mercy!

PEDRARIAS.

My Alphonso!

Curse on my frantic rage!—It cannot be
The blow was mortal?

(*With tenderness*). Look up, and smile, my son!

[*Watches ALPHONSO with trembling anxiety and hope.*

CAPANA.

Noble, but rash and ill-advised Alphonso!
Why didst thou snatch me from the death I courted?
I should have fallen in all my full-blown joys;
Now, if I live, it is to sorrow.

[*Hiding his face, overcome.*

PEDRARIAS (*with a forced smile and faltering voice*).

Nay,

Thou would'st but terrify thy wretched father,
Who in all nature loves but thee alone.
Thou know'st it, and would'st work upon my fondness.
But live, my boy! and it shall be henceforth
E'en as thou wilt.—Yes, I will heap each blessing
On these, thy friends.

[*ALPHONSO makes an effort to express his joy, and
falls back into his father's arms.*

PEDRARIAS (*with extreme terror*).

He bleeds apace!—Help! help!

ALPHONSO.

Oh!—no—I feel I cannot live, my father!

'Twas Heaven unnerved, erewhile, thy arm, and now

Directed with unerring might the stroke—

Heaven's pity spares me—without *her* to live!—

Heaven's justice guides thy hand—to execute

The curse—thy lips—but bless me now, my father!

Oh! bless thy dying child!

PEDRARIAS.

Distraction! Horror!

Wretched old man! Despair is mine, and madness!

(*To HOUACO*). In pity, slave, take thou this hated life.

ALPHONSO.

Be calm, my father, nor thus doubly point

The sting of death!—Oh say,—my friends are free!

PEDRARIAS.

They, and their people shall be free and happy.

I swear it by the trembling hope I feel

Thy parting soul forgives thy murderer.

ALPHONSO.

Now on thy dear, and honour'd breast, I sink—

In sleep as calm as weighs down infant lids.

[*Looking affectionately at his father.*]

'Tis sweet to rest upon a parent's bosom!

[*Reaching his hand to HOUACO.*

Give me thy hand, Houaco! Amazilia—
Will grieve for me.—Oh soothe her sorrow gently!—
I thought thee dead, when first I saw the maid.

HOUACO.

And loved her, and did yield her to thy friend!
And must I lose thee? Oh, thou gracious pattern
Of virtues thou hast taught me first to know!

[*A moment of speechless grief, when AMAZILIA breaks
her way through the attendants, who try to stop
her.*

AMAZILIA.

Nay!—Give me way! Not thousand, thousand weapons,
All pointed at this breast, could stay my steps!

[*Stands gazing at the group, transfixed with horror.
Then in the wildest manner.*

Ha! What have I to do—if it be so?

PEDRARIAS.

Away with her!—Her sacrilegious cries
Disturb the awful horrors of despair
Within a father's and a murderer's breast!

HOUACO (*going to her from ALPHONSO*).

My Amazilia! thus high Heaven reclaims
Its own! and as a god, henceforth Alphonso
Will watch o'er those he loved, and guide them still.

AMAZILIA.

Away!—I know thee not—nor heed thy words!
See there—see there!—His spirit takes its flight!
I must away!

ALPHONSO.

My Amazilia!—Oh!— [Dies.

AMAZILIA.

He calls on me!—He bids me follow—See!
With lifeless hand he beckons me away!
I come! I come!

*[Seizes the dagger which lay on the ground, and
stabs herself.]*

HOUACO.

Oh, stay thy frantic hand!

AMAZILIA (*supported by* HOUACO).

Alphonso! Oh, one moment hovering stay!
Thou didst refuse my fellowship on earth,
But wilt thou now reject the attendant spirit,
That through immeasurable space, with thee,
Would soar to worlds—of Love—and Liberty?

*[Breaks from HOUACO, and throws herself on
ALPHONSO's body.]*

PEDRARIAS.

Have ye not hatchets? arrows dipp'd in poison?
Ye injured natives! though to vengeance vow'd,
One—one devote to pity!—

AMAZILIA (*raising herself from the body, and looking wildly around her*).

Who are these?

Oh! help,—and loose the bonds that bind me down
To earth!—How heavily—Oh! how heavily
They weigh upon my bosom!—I would spurn
The abject soil, and spring into the skies!
But—Oh! I sink—I sink—Wilt thou not stay?

Where art thou now? [*Struggling violently.*]

Oh where? I see thee not!

[*She stares wildly on PEDRARIAS.*]

It is thy murderer!—It is thy father!—

His eyes glare on me!—Save me from him—Oh!

[*Gives a shriek, and dies.*]

The curtain drops.

DUE CANZONI
DEL PETRARCA.

SONNET

TO A FRIEND,

*At whose request the Author of the following Translations
from Petrarch consented to have a few copies of them
printed privately.*

THE brook, soft rippling on its pebbled way,
With many a winding fondly lingers long
In valleys low, stealing wild weeds among
And pendant boughs that o'er its surface play ;
Its humble pride still to reflect the gay
And varied flowers that round its mirror throng ;
So I, erewhile, lone warbled my rude song,
Echoing Valclusa's sad melodious lay :
And as, lured forth along the unshelter'd plain,
The little stream at length, with bolder course,
Bears tributary waters to the main ;
I, too, though late, to thee my offering bear,
Advent'rous, won by Friendship's gentle force,
From covert shades, the broader light to dare.

CANZONE

DEL PETRARCA.

1.

NELLA stagion che 'l ciel rapido inchina
Verso occidente, e che 'l dì nostro vola
A gente che di là forse l' aspetta,
Veggendosi in lontan paese sola
La stanca vecchierella pellegrina
Raddoppia i passi, e più e più s' affretta ;
E poi così soletta
Al fin di sua giornata
Talora è consolata
D' alcun breve riposo, ov' ella obblia
La noia e 'l mal de la passata via :
Ma, lasso ! ogni dolor, che 'l dì m' adduce,
Cresce, qualor s' invia
Per partirsi da noi l' eterna luce.

C A N Z O N E

NELLA STAGION, EC.

1.

IN the still evening, when with rapid flight
Low in the western sky the sun descends
To give expectant nations life and light;
The aged pilgrim, in some clime unknown
Slow journeying, right onward fearful bends
With weary haste, a stranger and alone;
Yet when his labour ends,
He solitary sleeps
And in short slumber steeps
Each sense of sorrow hanging on the day,
And all the toil of the long passed way:
But oh! each pang, that wakes with morn's first ray,
More piercing wounds my breast
When Heaven's eternal light sinks crimson in the West.

2.

Come 'l Sol volge le infiammate rote
Per dar luogo alla notte, onde discende
Dagli altissimi monti maggior l' ombra,
L' avaro zappador l' arme riprende,
E con parole e con alpestri note
Ogni gravezza del suo petto sgombra;
E poi la mensa ingombra
Di povere vivande,
Simili a quelle ghiande
Le quai fuggendo tutto 'l mondo onora:
Ma chi vuol, si rallegri ad ora ad ora,
Ch' i' pur non ebbi ancor non dirò lieta
Ma riposata un' ora,
Nè per volger di ciel, nè di pianeta.

3.

Quando vede il pastor calare i raggi
Del gran pianeta al nido, ov' egli alberga,
E imbrunir le contrade d' Oriente,
Drizzasi in piedi, e con l' usata verga,
Lassando l' erba e le fontane e i faggi,
Move la schiera sua soavemente;
Poi lontan dalla gente,

2.

His burning wheels when downward Phœbus bends
And leaves the world to night, its lengthen'd shade
Each towering mountain o'er the vale extends;
The thrifty peasant shoulders light his spade,
With sylvan carol gay and uncouth note
Bidding his cares upon the wild winds float,
Content in peace to share
His poor and humble fare,
As in that golden age
We honour still, yet leave its simple ways;
Whoe'er so list, let joy his hours engage:
No gladness e'er has cheer'd my gloomy days,
Nor moment of repose,
However roll'd the spheres, whatever planet rose.

3.

When as the shepherd marks the sloping ray
Of the great orb that sinks in ocean's bed,
While on the East soft steals the evening grey,
He rises, and resumes the accustom'd crook,
Quitting the beechen grove, the field, the brook,
And gently homeward drives the flock he fed;
Then far from human tread

O casetta, o spelunca,
Di verdi frondi ingiunca,
Ivi senza pensier s' adagia, e dorme.
Ahi, crudo Amor! ma tu allor più m' informe
A seguir d' una fiera, che mi strugge,
La voce, e i passi, e l' orme;
E lei non stringi che s' appiatta, e fugge.

4.

E i naviganti in qualche chiusa valle
Gettan le membra, poi che 'l Sol s' asconde,
Sul duro legno, e sotto l' aspre gonne:
Ma io; perchè s' attuffi in mezzo l' onde,
E lassi Ispagna dietro alle sue spalle,
E Granata e Marocco e le Colonne,
E gli uomini e le donne
E il mondo e gli animali
Acquetino i lor mali,
Fine non pongo al mio ostinato affanno;
E duolmi ch' ogni giorno arroge al danno,
Ch' i' son già pur crescendo in questa voglia
Ben presso al decim' anno,
Nè poss' indovinar chi me ne scioglia.

In his lone humble cave,
O'er which the green boughs wave,
In sleep without a thought he lays his head :
Ah, cruel Love ! at this dark silent hour
Thou wak'st to trace, and with redoubled pow'r,
The voice, the step, the air
Of her, who scorns thy chain, and flies thy fatal snare.

4.

And in some shelter'd bay, at evening's close,
The mariners their rude coats round them fold,
Stretch'd on the rugged plank in deep repose :
But I, though Phoebus sink into the main
And leave Granada wrapt in night, with Spain,
Morocco, and the Pillars famed of old,
Though all of human kind
And every creature blest
All hush their ills to rest,
No end to my unceasing sorrows find ;
And still the sad account swells day by day ;
For since these thoughts on my lorn spirit prey,
I see the tenth year roll ;
Nor hope of freedom springs in my desponding soul.

5.

E, perchè un poco nel parlar mi sfogo,
Veggio la sera i buoi tornare sciolti
Dalle campagne e da' solcati colli:
I miei sospiri a me perchè non tolti?
Quando che sia? perchè no 'l grave giogo?
Perchè dì e notte gli occhi miei son molli?
Misero me! che volli?
Quando primier sì fiso
Gli tenni nel bel viso
Per iscolpirlo immaginando in parte,
Onde mai nè per forza, nè per arte,
Mosso sarà; fin ch' i' sia dato in preda
A chi tutto diparte?
Nè so ben anco, chi di lei mi creda.

5.

Thus, as I vent my bursting bosom's pain,
Lo! from their yoke I see the oxen freed,
Slow moving homeward o'er the furrow'd plain:
Why to my sorrow is no pause decreed?
Why from my yoke no respite must I know?
Why gush these tears, and never cease to flow?
Ah me! what sought my eyes,
When fix'd in fond surprise
On her angelic face
I gazed, and on my heart each charm imprest,
From whence nor force nor art the sacred trace
Shall e'er remove, till I the victim rest
Of Death, whose mortal blow
Shall my pure spirit free, and this worn frame lay
low.

C A N Z O N E

DEL PETRARCA.

1.

DI pensier in pensier, di monte in monte
Mi guida Amor; ch' ogni segnato calle
Provo contrario alla tranquilla vita;
Se 'n solitaria spiaggia rivo o fonte,
Se 'n fra duo poggi siede ombrosa valle,
Ivi s' acqueta l' alma sbigottita;
E, com' Amor la invita,
Or ride, or piagne, or teme, or s' assicura;
E 'l volto, che lei segue ov' ella il mena,
Si turba e rasserenata,
Ed in un esser picciol tempo dura;
Onde alla vista uom di tal vita esperto
Diria, questi arde, e di suo stato è incerto.

C A N Z O N E

DI PENSIER IN PENSIER, EC.

1.

FROM hill to hill I roam, from thought to thought,
With Love my guide; the beaten path I fly,
For there in vain the tranquil life is sought:
If 'mid the waste well forth a lonely rill,
Or deep-embosom'd a low valley lie,
In its calm shade my trembling heart is still;
And there, if Love so will,
I smile, or weep, or fondly hope, or fear,
While on my varying brow, that speaks the soul,
The wild emotions roll,
Now dark, now bright, as shifting skies appear;
That whosoe'er has proved the lover's state
Would say, He feels the flame, none knows his
future fate.

2.

Per alti monti e per selve aspre trovo
Qualche riposo; ogni abitato loco
È nemico mortal degli occhi miei:
A ciascun passo nasce un pensier novo
Della mia donna, che sovente in gioco
Gira 'l tormento ch' i' porto per lei;
Ed appena vorrei
Cangiar questo mio viver dolce amaro,
Ch' i' dico: Forse ancor ti serva Amore
Ad un tempo migliore;
Forse a te stesso vile, altrui se' caro:
Ed in questo trapasso sospirando,
Or potrebb' esser vero, or come, or quando?

3.

Ove porge ombra un pino alto, o un colle,
Talor m' arresto; e pur nel primo sasso
Disegno con la mente il suo bel viso:
Poi ch' a me torno, trovo il petto molle
Della pietate; ed allor dico, ah! lasso!

2.

On mountains high, in forests drear and wide
I find repose, and from the throng'd resort
Of man turn fearfully my eyes aside;
At each lone step thoughts ever new arise
Of her I love, who oft with cruel sport
Will mock the pangs I bear, the tears, the sighs:
Yet e'en these ills I prize,
Though bitter, sweet, nor would they were removed;
For my heart whispers me, Love yet has power
To grant a happier hour;
Perchance, though self-despised, thou yet art loved:
E'en then my breast a passing sigh will heave,
Ah when, or how, may I a hope so wild believe?

3.

Where shadows of high-rocking pines dark wave
I stay my footsteps, and on some rude stone
With thought intense her beauteous face engrave:
Roused from the trance, my bosom bathed I find
With tears, and cry, Ah, whither thus alone

Dove se' giunto, ed onde se' diviso?
Ma mentre tener fiso
Posso al primo pensier la mente vaga,
E mirar lei, ed obbliar me stesso,
Sento Amor sì da presso
Che del suo proprio error l' alma s' appaga;
In tante parti e sì bella la veggio,
Che, se l' error durasse, altro non chieggio.

4.

I' l' ho più volte (or chi fia che mel creda?)
Nell' acqua chiara, e sopra l' erba verde,
Veduta viva e nel troncon d' un faggio;
E 'n bianca nube sì fatta, che Leda
Avria ben detto, che sua figlia perde,
Come stella che 'l Sol copre col raggio:
E quanto in più selvaggio
Loco mi trovo, e 'n più deserto lido,
Tanto più bella il mio pensier l' adombra:
Poi, quando il vero sgombra
Quel dolce error, pur lì medesimo assido
Me freddo, pietra morta in pietra viva,
In guisa d' uom, che pensi, e pianga, e scriva.

Hast thou far wander'd, and whom left behind?
But as with fixed mind
On this fair image I impassion'd rest,
And, viewing her, forget awhile my ills,
Love my rapt fancy fills;
In its own error sweet the soul is blest,
While all around so bright the visions glide;
Oh! might the cheat endure, I ask not aught beside.

4.

Her form portray'd within the lucid stream
Will oft appear, or on the verdant lawn,
Or glossy beech, or fleecy cloud, will gleam
So lovely fair, that Leda's self might say,
Her Helen sinks eclipsed, as at the dawn
A star when cover'd by the solar ray:
And, as o'er wilds I stray
Where the eye nought but savage Nature meets,
There Fancy most her brightest tints employs;
But when rude truth destroys
The loved illusion of those dreamed sweets,
I sit me down on the cold rugged stone,
Less cold, less dead than I, and think, and weep
alone.

5.

Ove d' altra montagna ombra non tocchi,
Verso 'l maggiore e 'l più spedito giogo
Tirarmi suol un desiderio intenso ;
Indi i miei danni a misurar con gli occhi
Comincio, e 'ntanto lagrimando sfogo
Di dolorosa nebbia il cor condenso,
Allor ch' i' miro e penso
Quant' aria dal bel viso mi diparte
Che sempre m' è sì presso e sì lontano.
Poscia fra me pian piano ;
Che fai tu lasso ? forse in quella parte
Or di tua lontananza si sospira :
Ed in questo pensier l' alma respira.

6.

Canzone, oltre quell' Alpe
Là, dove 'l cielo è più sereno e lieto,
Mi rivedrai sovra un ruscel corrente,
Ove l' aura si sente
D' un fresco ed odorifero laureto :
Ivi è 'l mio cuor, e quella che m' invola ;
Qui veder puoi l' immagine mia sola.

5.

Where the huge mountain rears his brow sublime,
On which no neighb'ring height its shadow flings,
Led by desire intense the steep I climb;
And tracing in the boundless space each woe
Whose sad remembrance my torn bosom wrings,
Tears, that bespeak the heart o'erfraught, will flow:
While, viewing all below,
From me, I cry, what worlds of air divide
The beauteous form, still absent and still near;
Then, chiding soft the tear,
I whisper low, Haply she too has sigh'd
That thou art far away: a thought so sweet
Awhile my labouring soul will of its burthen cheat.

6.

Go thou, my Song, beyond that Alpine bound,
Where the pure smiling heavens are most serene,
There by a murmuring stream may I be found,
Whose gentle airs around
Waft grateful odours from the laurel green;
Nought but my empty form roams here unblest,
There dwells my heart with her who steals it from my
breast.

SONETTI
DEL PETRARCA.

SONETTO.

LA vita fugge e non s' arresta un' ora ;
E la morte vien dietro à gran giornate ;
E le cose presenti, e le passate,
Mi danno guerra, e le future ancora :
E 'l rimembrar, e l' aspettar m' accora
Or quinci, or quindi sì, che 'n veritate,
Se non ch' i ho di me stesso pietate,
I sarei già di questi pensier fora.
Tornami avanti, s' alcun dolce mai
Ebbe 'l cor tristo ; e poi da l' altra parte
Veggio al mio navigar turbati i venti :
Veggio fortuna in porto ; e stanco omai
Il mio nocchier' ; e rotte arbore, e sarte :
E i lumi bei, che mirar soglio, spenti.

Par. II. Son. 4.

SONNET.

LIFE flies with rapid course that nought may stay,
Death follows after with gigantic stride;
Ills past and present on my spirit prey,
And future evils threat on every side:
Whether I backward look or forward fare,
A thousand ills my bosom's peace molest;
And were it not that pity bids me spare
My nobler part, I from these thoughts would rest.
If ever aught of sweet my heart has known,
Remembrance wakes its charms, while, tempest-tost,
I mark the clouds that o'er my course still frown;
E'en in the port I see the storm afar;
Weary my pilot, mast and cable lost,
And set for ever my fair polar star.

SONETTO.

ZEFIRO torna; e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori, e l' erbe, sua dolce famiglia;
E garrir Progne, e pianger Filomena;
E primavera candida, e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s' allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L' aria, e l' acqua, e la terra è d' Amor piena;
Ogni animal d' amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso! tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella, ch' al ciel se ne portò le chiavi:
E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre, e selvagge.

Par. II. Son. 42.

SONNET.

RETURNING Zephyr the sweet season brings,
With flowers and herbs his breathing train among,
And Progne twitters, Philomela sings,
Leading the many-colour'd Spring along ;
Serene the sky, and fair the laughing field,
Jove views his daughter with complacent brow ;
Earth, sea, and air, to Love's sweet influence yield,
And creatures all his magic power avow :
But nought, alas ! for me the season brings
Save heavier sighs, from my sad bosom drawn
By her who can from Heaven unlock its springs ;
And warbling birds and flower-bespangled lawn,
And fairest acts of ladies fair and mild,
A desert seem, and its brute tenants wild.

SONETTO.

SE lamentar augelli, o verdi fronde
Mover soavemente all' aura estiva,
O roco mormorar di lucid' onde
S' ode d' una fiorita, e fresca riva;
Là 'v' io seggia d' amor pensoso, e scriva;
Lei; che 'l ciel ne mostrò, terra nasconde;
Veggio, ed odo, ed intendo; ch' ancor viva
Di sì lontano a' sospir miei risponde.
Deh perchè innanzi tempo ti consume?
Mi dice con pietate: a che pur versi
Degli occhi tristi un doloroso fiume?
Di me non pianger tu; che miei dì fersi,
Morendo, eterni; e nell' eterno lume,
Quando mostrai di chiuder gli occhi, apersi.

Par. II. Son. 11

SONNET.

IF the lorn bird complain, or rustling sweep
Soft summer airs o'er foliage waving slow,
Or the hoarse brook come murmuring down the steep,
Where on th' enamel'd bank I sit below
With thoughts of love that bid my numbers flow;
'Tis then I see her, though in earth she sleep!—
Her, form'd in Heaven! I see, and hear, and know!
Responsive sighing, weeping as I weep:
“Alas!” she pitying says, “ere yet the hour,
“Why hurry life away with swifter flight?
“Why from thy eyes this flood of sorrow pour?
“No longer mourn my fate! through death my days
“Become eternal!—to eternal light
“These eyes, which seem'd in darkness closed, I raise!”

SONETTO.

GLI occhi de ch' io parlai sì caldamente,
E le braccia e le mani e i piedi, e 'l viso
Che m' avean sì da me stesso diviso,
E fatto singolar dall'altra gente :
Le cresse chiome d' or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso ;
Che solean far in terra un paradiso ;
Poca polvere son, che nulla sente :
Ed io pur vivo : onde mi doglio e sdegno ;
Rimaso senza 'l lume ch' amai tanto,
In gran fortuna, e 'n disarmato legno.
Or sia qui fine al mio amoroso canto :
Secca e la vera dell' usato ingegno,
E la cetera mia rivolto in pianto.

Par. II. Son. 24.

SONNET.

THE eyes, the face, the limbs of heavenly mould,
So long the theme of my impassion'd lay,
Charms which so stole me from myself away,
That strange to other men the course I hold:
The crisped locks of pure and lucid gold,
The lightning of the angelic smile, whose ray
To earth could all of Paradise convey,
A little dust are now!—to feeling cold!
And yet I live!—but that I live bewail,
Sunk the loved light that through the tempest led
My shatter'd bark, bereft of mast and sail:
Hush'd be the song that breathed love's purest fire!
Lost is the theme on which my fancy fed,
And turn'd to mourning my once tuneful lyre.

SONETTO.

VAGO augelletto che cantando vai,
Over piangendo il tuo tempo passato,
Vedendoti la notte, e 'l verno à lato,
E 'l dì dopo le spalle, e i mesi gai;
Se come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,
Così sapessi il mio simile stato;
Verresti in grembo à questo sconsolato
A' partir seco i dolorosi guai.
I' non so, se le parti sarian pari:
Che quella, cui tu piangi, e forse in vita;
Di ch' à me morte, e 'l ciel son tanto avari:
Ma la stagione, e l' ora men gradita,
Co 'l membrar de' dolci anni, e de gli amari,
A' parlar teco con pietà m' invita.

Par. II. Son. 90.

SONNET.

Poor solitary bird, that pour'st thy lay,
Or haply mournest the sweet season gone :
As chilly night and winter hurry on,
And daylight fades, and summer flies away ;
If as the cares that swell thy little throat,
Thou knew'st alike the woes that wound my rest,
Oh, thou would'st house thee in this kindred breast,
And mix with mine thy melancholy note.
Yet little know I ours are kindred ills :
She still may live the object of thy song :
Not so for me stern Death or Heaven wills !
But the sad season, and less grateful hour,
And of past joy and sorrow thoughts that throng,
Prompt my full heart this idle lay to pour.

SONETTO.

MOVESI 'l vecchierel canuto e bianco
Dal dolce loco, ov' a sua età fornita,
E da la famigliuola sbigottita,
Che vede il caro padre venir manco :
Indi trahendo poi l' antico fianco
Per l' estreme giornate di sua vita,
Quanto più può, co 'l buon voler s' aita,
Rotta de gli anni, e dal camino stanco :
E viene à Roma, seguendo 'l desio,
Per mirar la sembianza di colui,
Ch' ancor là su nel ciel vedere spera :
Così lasso talbor vo cercand' io
Donna, quant' è possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.

Par. I. Son. 13.

SONNET.

THE palmer bent, with locks of silver gray,
Quits the sweet spot where he has pass'd his years,
Quits his poor family, whose anxious fears
Paint the loved father fainting on his way;
And trembling, on his aged limbs slow borne,
In these last days that close his earthly course,
He, in his soul's strong purpose, finds new force,
Though weak with age, though by long travel worn:
Thus reaching Rome, led on by pious love,
He seeks the image of that Saviour Lord,
Whom soon he hopes to meet in bliss above:
So, oft in other forms I seek to trace
Some charm, that to my heart may yet afford
A faint resemblance of thy matchless grace.

SONETTO.

S'UNA fede amorosa, un cor non finto ;
Un languir dolce, un desiar cortese ;
S' oneste voglie in gentil foco accese ;
S' un lungo errore in cieco laberinto ;
Se ne la fronte ogni pensier dipinto,
Od in voci interrotte à pena intese,
Or da paura, or da vergogna offese ;
S'un pallor di viola e d' amor tinto ;
S' aver altrui più caro, che se stesso ;
Se lagrimar', e sospirar mai sempre,
Pascendosi di duol, d' ira, e d' affanno ;
S' arder da lunge, ed agghiacciar da presso
Son le cagion, ch' amando i mi distempre ;
Vostro, Donna, 'l peccato, e mio fia 'l danno.

Par. I. Son. 187.

SONNET.

If faith most true, a heart that cannot feign ;
If love's sweet languishment and chasten'd thought,
And wishes pure by nobler feelings taught ;
If in a labyrinth wanderings long and vain ;
If on the brow each pang portray'd to bear,
Or from the heart low broken sounds to draw,
Withheld by shame, or check'd by pious awe ;
If on the faded cheek love's hue to wear ;
If than myself to hold one far more dear ;
If sighs that cease not, tears that ever flow,
Wrung from the heart by all love's various woe :
In absence if consum'd, and chill'd when near ;
If these be ills in which I waste my prime,
Though I the sufferer be, yours, lady, is the crime.

SONETTO.

QUEL vago impallidir che 'l dolce riso
D' un' amorosa nebbia ricoperse,
Con tanta maestade al cor s' offerse ;
Che li si fece incontr' à mezzo 'l viso.
Conobbi allor, sì come in paradiso
Vede l'un l'altro ; in tal guisa s' aperse
Quel pietoso pensier, ch' altri non scerse :
Ma vidil' io, ch' altrove non m' affiso.
Ogni angelica vista, ogni atto umile,
Che giamai in donna, ov' Amor fosse, apparve ;
Fora uno sdegno à lato à quel, ch' io dico :
Chinava à terra il bel guardo gentile ;
E tacendo dicea (com' à me parve)
Chi m' allontana il mio fedele amico ?

Par. I. Son. 97.

SONNET.

A TENDER paleness, stealing o'er her cheek,
Veil'd her sweet smile as 'twere a passing cloud,
And such pure dignity of love avow'd,
That in my eyes my full soul strove to speak :
Then knew I how the spirits of the blest
Communion hold in Heaven ; so beam'd serene
That pitying thought, by ev'ry eye unseen
Save mine, wont ever on her charms to rest.
Each grace angelic, each meek glance humane,
That Love e'er to his fairest vot'ries lent,
By this were deem'd ungentle, cold disdain !
Her lovely looks, with sadness downward bent,
In silence to my fancy seem'd to say,
Who calls my faithful friend so far away?

SONETTO.

MENTE mia, che presaga de' tuoi danni

Al tempo lieto già pensosa, e trista

Sì 'ntentamente ne l' amata vista

Requie cercavi de' futuri affanni:

A gli atti, a le parole, al viso, a i panni,

A la nova pietà con dolor mista,

Potei ben dir, se del tutto eri avista:

Quest' è l' ultimo dì de' miei dolci anni.

Qual dolcezza fu quella, ò miser' alma,

Come ardevamo in quel punto, ch' i vidi

Gli occhi, i quai non dovea riveder mai?

Quando a lor, come a duo amici più fidi,

Partendo, in guardia la più nobil salma,

I miei cari pensieri, e 'l cor lasciai.

Par. II. Son. 46.

SONNET.

My mind ! prophetic of thy coming fate,
Pensive and gloomy while yet joy was lent,
On the loved lineaments still fixt, intent
To seek dark bodings, ere thy sorrow's date !
From her sweet acts, her words, her looks, her gait,
From her unwonted pity with sadness blent ;
Thou might'st have said, hadst thou been prescient,
" I taste my last of bliss in this low state !"
My wretched soul ! the poison, oh, how sweet !
That through my eyes convey'd the burning smart,
Gazing on *hers*, no more on earth to meet !
To *them*, my bosom's wealth ! condemn'd to part
On a far journey—as to friends discreet,
All my fond thoughts I left, and lingering heart !

SONETTO.

TUTTA la mia fiorita e verde etade
Passava ; e 'ntepidir sentia già 'l foco,
Ch' arse 'l mio cor ; ed era giunto al loco,
Ove scende la vita, ch' al fin cade :
Già incominciava a prender securtade
La mia cara nemica a poco a poco
De' suoi sospetti ; e rivolgeva in gioco
Mie pene acerbe sua dolce onestade :
Presso era 'l tempo, dov' Amor si scontra
Con castitate ; ed a gli amanti è dato
Sedersi insieme, e dir che loro incontra.
Morte ebbe invidia al mio felice stato,
Anzi a la speme ; e feglisi a l'incontra
A mezza via, come nemico armato.

Par. II. Son. 47.

SONNET.

ALL my green years and golden prime of man
Had pass'd away, and with attemper'd sighs
My bosom heaved—ere yet the days arise
When life declines, contracting its brief span :
Already my loved enemy began
To lull suspicion, and in sportive guise,
With timid confidence, though playful, wise,
In gentle mock'ry my long pains to scan :
The hour was near when Love, at length, may mate
With Chastity—and, by the dear one's side,
The lover's thoughts, and words, may freely flow :
Death saw, with envy, my too happy state,
E'en its fair promise—and with fatal pride,
Strode in the mid-way forth, an armed foe !

SONETTO.

NE mai pietosa madre al caro figlio
Ne Donna accesa al suo sposo diletto
Die' con tanti sospir, con tal sospetto
In dubbio stato sì fedel consiglio ;
Come a me quella, che 'l mio grave esiglio
Mirando dal suo eterno alto ricetto,
Spesso a me torna con l' usato affetto,
E di doppia pietate ornata il ciglio,
Or di madre, or d'amante ; or teme, or' arde
D' onesto foco ; e nel parlar mi mostra
Quel, che 'n questo viaggio fuga, o segua ;
Contando i casi de la vita nostra ;
Pregando, ch' al levar l'alma non tarde :
E sol quant' ella parla, ho pace, o tregua.

Par. II. Son. 17.

SONNET.

NE'ER to the son, in whom her age is blest,
The anxious mother—nor to her loved lord
The wedded dame, impending ill to ward,
With careful sighs so faithful counsel prest,
As *she*, who, from her high eternal rest,
Bending—as though my exile she deplored—
With all her wonted tenderness restored,
And softer pity on her brow imprest!
Now with a mother's fears, and now as one
Who loves with chaste affection, in her speech
She points what to pursue, and what to shun!
Our years retracing of long, various grief,
Wooing my soul at higher good to reach,
And while she speaks, my bosom finds relief!

SONETTO.

Nè per sereno cielo ir vaghe stelle ;
Nè per tranquillo mar legni spalmati ;
Nè per campagne cavalieri armati ;
Nè per bei boschi allegre fere e snelle ;
Nè d' aspettato ben fresche novelle :
Nè dir d' amore in stili alti ed ornati :
Nè tra chiare fontane, e verdi prati
Dolce cantare oneste donne, e belle ;
Nè altro sarà mai, ch' al cor m'aggiunga ;
Sì seco il seppe quella seppellire,
Che sola a gli occhi miei fu lume, e specchio.
Noia m' è il viver sì gravosa e lunga,
Ch' i' chiamo 'l fine per lo gran desire
Di' riveder, cui non veder fu 'l meglio.

Par. II. Son. 44.

SONNET.

Not skies serene with glittering stars inlaid,
Nor gallant ships o'er tranquil ocean dancing,
Nor gay-careering knights in arms advancing,
Nor wild herds bounding through the forest glade,
Nor tidings new of happiness delay'd,
Nor poesie, Love's witchery enhancing,
Nor lady's song beside clear fountain glancing
In beauty's pride, with chastity array'd ;
Nor aught of lovely, aught of gay in show,
Shall touch my heart, now cold within *her* tomb
Who was erewhile my life and light below !
So heavy—tedious—sad—my days unblest,
That I, with strong desire, invoke Death's gloom,
Her to behold—whom ne'er t'have seen were best !



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